THE NEW REPUBLIC

This Game of Strategy

Arthur I. Waskow

Nixon's Uphill Campaign

William Steif

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

The Mood in Algeria

Alfred Sherman

Worlds to Conquer

Daniel M. Friedenberg

February 26, 1962,

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Annual Cycle

★ If you don't understand the Congressional cycle you don't understand what's happening in Washington. The political year begins with a bang. The President sends three big messages to Congress delivering one in person. Then more messages and reports. The purpose is to tell Congress what he wants, to try to grab the initiative, to outline a program. In a time of world crisis there is an awful lot to do. The President endeavors to whip up a sense of urgency.

This is the stage we have just come through. Mr. Kennedy has flooded Capitol Hill with messages and reports. He's held five consecutive weekly televised press conferences in succession. No doubt about it, he's had a big effect on the public. The press is full of it. Reading the stories you get a sense of activity in Washington.

Nonsense. What you read is the activity of the White House. A sluggish Congress is just looking down Pennsylvania Avenue with vacant indifference blended with mild distaste. It knows this preliminary phase. It knows that when all the White House shouting is over it will be its turn. It will climb into the old stage coach that the Founding Fathers fashioned, with a Conestoga ox-team ambling behind. Hurry – ? Why?

What happens after the President's appeals for haste? Well, first Republicans toddle off home and spend a leisurely week making Lincoln Day speeches. Then they return (this week) and everybody pitches in for a desultory four working days interrupted by Washington's birthday. (The Senate has agreed this week, however, to vote on the Department of Urban Affairs.) On the third week Democrats desert Washington and go home and make speeches about Jackson and Jefferson. Party leaders agree to have few if any rollcalls in these sacred intervals.

The beautiful thing about this system is that it insulates Congress from the pressure of all this urgency from the White House. Some of the more excitable might have been influenced by executive exhortations. Having a comfortable three-week cooling off period restores balance. Like a Berlin wall it divides the first phase of the annual cycle, the phase of White House entreaty, from the second phase when dawdling Congress takes over and begins its long, random, reluctant consideration of distasteful proposals for Change, looking at them with the annoyed glance of a man who has found some foreign substance in his soup.

Muddled Mystique

★ There is a third phase in the Congressional cycle. But we won't reach that for months yet. That is the brief hysterical, hot-weather, last-minute rush stage when everything is jammed together before Congress stampedes home. Action on civil rights? The hostile Judiciary Committee, to which a batch of such bills has just been assigned, will suddenly report them out – too late for action of course. Shrewd Congressmen will strike pork barrel bargains to let "must" bills through, knowing their power is greatest when a single vote can block unanimous consent. Lights will burn late, Congress will work all night, newspapers will suddenly discover the dramatic story of Congress racing for adjournment. It will be exciting, I tell you! – and they will set the clock back, and the temperature will hit 102, and Congress will suddenly adjourn. And everyone will smile indulgently, explaining that for all its faults we have the oldest democracy in the world, and what if the education bill didn't pass – we can't hope to be as efficient as the Communists can we?

If Mr. GOP went to a psychiatrist he would find he had a bad case of muddled mystique. He favors *local* controls but at the same time dislikes the cities. If Mr. GOP could only straighten out this kink he would look as carefree and happy again as the man on TV who has just taken somebody's liver pills.

The GOP confusion goes far back. Conservatives always hated Federal controls because they were efficient. Any great vested interest – railroads, life insurance companies, banks – always wanted state control because it was weak. Over the generations some Republicans forgot why they really favored states' rights – their reaction to Federal social security, medical aid, slum clearance, banking laws and the like was compulsively hostile to "controlization" and the like.

But if the GOP likes "local" control, as stated, why aren't they pals with the cities? Because the great farm-to-city migration which has put 70 percent of us in urban areas has made the cities the prime advocates of change. The cities aren't "progressive" in the immediate sense; they just have social problems which require bold action – quick. The cities appeal to their local state governments and find them gerrymandered in favor of farm areas. So the cities leapfrog the state house crowd and come to sympathetic Washington. Republicans haven't adapted themselves to the change. They may end up by becoming a kind of rural party.

Republicans regard the necessity of voting on the new Department of Urban Affairs bill as a dastardly plot. If they join Southern Democrats against it and the proposed secretary, Robert Weaver, they put their necks in a noose. This is particularly true of House members. They beseech the Senate to veto the measure this week to spare them later on.

Notes

★ Last week Navy Judge Advocate General, Rear Admiral Mott, told the Senate drily that "we have no need for space age witchhunters: amateur anti-Communists are as useful as amateur brain surgeons." Another official wrote, "Today far too many self-styled 'experts' on Communism are plying the highways giving erroneous and distorted information. This causes hysteria, false alarms and misplaced apprehension among our citizens." His name? J. Edgar Hoover, of all people.

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Back to Geneva

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Whether the disarmament negotiations in Geneva open on March 14 with Mr. Kennedy talking to Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Rusk talking to Mr. Gromyko, or Mr. Dean talking to Mr. Tsarapkin will make far less difference than what gets said. At the moment the prospects for anything being said that will lead to agreement among the 18 nations seem dim.

Two possible approaches are being canvassed in Washington: disarmament and arms control. The disarmament scheme that is going the rounds from State to Defense to White House is a development of the proposals put forward last year by Louis Sohn, now a consultant to the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Under this scheme every country would divide itself into perhaps 20 zones. At stated intervals, say every three months, the country would agree to demobilize five percent of its armed forces and destroy five percent of its military hardware. International inspectors would seal off, without advance warning, a new zone every three months. If the total men and equipment inside the zone exceeded five percent of the nation's total, the excess could be removed. If it were less than five percent, additional forces would be brought in and disbanded or dismantled. Cheating would not, of course, be impossible: Troops could be demobilized, sent home and then covertly remobilized in another zone. Or, one side might lie about its total missile strength, and then hoard missiles in one zone; if that zone happened to be picked early for inspection, the cheating nation would abrogate the treaty and we would be back where we were. If the ICBM zone were not picked early, however, the cheating nation would gain an overwhelming thermonuclear advantage, and could if it wished, use this to blackmail the world. But these objections, which loom large in the minds of many Pentagon strategists, are relatively unimportant. American and Soviet intelligence estimates are not perfect, but they are probably good enough to detect the kinds of gross violations that would be necessary to make cheating "pay off." The real objection to the Sohn approach is not that someone might cheat, but that it requires immediate development of limited world government, and neither the Senate nor the Supreme Soviet is ready to accept such an "infringement of national sovereignty." If Dean Rusk tables a scheme which makes the preservation of national interests a responsibility of the World Court, the UN Secretariat, or a UN Peace Force, it will be mainly a propaganda device for impressing public opinion, not a serious attempt at negotia-

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tion. Most of those who look for immediate progress talk about arms control, not disarmament. They admit that just as gunpowder meant the end of feudalism because the barons and their castles could no longer protect the vassals, so atomic energy means the end of nationalism because national armed forces can no longer protect the civilians who created them. But, they say, this logic is not yet widely understood. We must buy time until it sinks in. To do this we must negotiate a multi-stage disarmament treaty which does not initially infringe national sovereignty. Both the US and the USSR have submitted such three-stage proposals for "general and complete disarmament," in which world government comes only after successful completion of Stage One; since we may not get to Stage Two for years, Stage One must, taken in isolation, represent a mutually acceptable arms control scheme.

The American proposals, made last September at the UN, include reduction of both Soviet and American armed forces to 2.1 million men; a worldwide ban on testing nuclear weapons or giving them to a non-nuclear power; demilitarization of outer space; international inspection to reduce the likelihood of surprise attack; and control over the number of vehicles available for delivering strategic nuclear weapons.

The Soviet Union finds these proposals objectionable on the ground that any loss of secrecy must be offset by an overwhelming gain in security. The Soviet proposals of September, 1960, which will probably be tabled again in March, therefore outline a much more ambitious Stage One: reduction of American and Russian forces to 1.7 million men; withdrawal of American and Russian troops from foreign soil; elimination of all planes, missiles and submarines capable of delivering nuclear weapons, either strategic or tactical.

This the US opposes because it would mean, first of all, withdrawing American troops from Germany and thus weakening NATO. Of course the Soviets would have to withdraw from East Germany, and this would probably mean not just weakening the Warsaw Pact but toppling Ulbricht. But we distrust the West Germans more than the Soviets distrust the East Germans, and we think that if we "betray" Adenauer he – or his successor – will "do a Rapallo" and line up both East and West Germany with the Soviet bloc. The opposite possibility, that the post-Ulbricht government would in time federate with Bonn and move toward the West, is not taken seriously. Nor is the withdrawal of the Red Army expected to "liberate" East Europe.

The second American objection to the Soviet proposals is that they would mean giving up NATO's tactical nuclear weapons, not to mention the threat of massive retaliation in the event of Soviet aggression in Berlin, Greece, Turkey or elsewhere. On the face of it this would seem highly desirable: The NATO countries have more people and more industrial resources than the Warsaw Pact countries, and if a future conflict could be kept non-nuclear, the NATO powers would be at no disadvantage. If, on the other hand, conflict involves atomic weapons, the Europeans cannot possibly hope to "win" in any but a metaphorical sense. Nevertheless, the possibility that we might use nuclear weapons is thought to save us a dozen divisions in Europe, and this is very popular with the voters.

So what is to be done? Disarmament necessitates world government, and however logical or practical that may be, it is considered utopian. Arms control, if it means anything, means at least some kind of agreement not to initiate the use of nuclear weapons. This may or may not be acceptable to the USSR but it is not, apparently, acceptable to the US.

Judge and Jury

The debate on civil defense that raged through the fall and winter of last year, and is still current, has been shut out of the "public" hearings before the House Government Operations Subcommittee. No one will be heard who doubts the value of a national shelter program. None but Administration spokesmen will be called upon to testify. The hearings, which began last week, are not intended, Rep. Chet Holifield says, "to be a forum for arguments for and against civil defense." Mr. Holifield asserts that civil defense policy was set by the Congress more than a decade ago, when the earliest legislation was enacted, and has been supported consistently by Congress ever since. Therefore, debate is not called for.

That is a surprising doctrine from a member of a legislative body so jealous (in most other respects) of its power that it goes through a painful appropriations procedure each year, doling out 12-month's expense money at a time, lest the Executive forget who is Boss.

The Subcommittee had previously called Administration witnesses, from Secretary of Defense McNamara on down, to testify in executive sessions where their views were elicited, presumably, in great detail. So the Subcommittee must know what the Administration thinks of these matters; and as for Mr. Holifield, he has been at pains to say what he thinks too, well in advance. Both want shelters, only the Congressman believes the Administration "is much too cautious."

If that is all the difference, what is the purpose of the present hearings? Is it to brainwash the public? Or does Mr. Holifield seek to parade his views, alongside those of the Administration, so that both may arrive, with some appearance of sweet reasonableness, at an essentially similar conclusion? It is an odd procedure, straight out of *Alice:* "I'll be judge, I'll be jury, said cunning old Fury; I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death."

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The Steel Crucible

To many liberals in the 1930's, what labor wanted was what labor more or less deserved, for the unions were rescuing the downtrodden from the heel of monopoly capital. Today, as the United Steelworkers' president meets behind closed doors with a US Steel vice president to discuss terms of a new contract, it is not so easy to speak of "good" and "bad" guys. Even the Pennsylvania Avenue prompter who whispers cautionary exhortations is said to have doubts about whether justice is all on one side.

Yet why the doubts? Earnings of the steel executives are still fantastically high; their companies are making money; and the leading ones are as monopolistic as ever, or more so. And the United Steelworkers of America continue to represent hundreds of thousands who, without the union, could not bargain.

A superficial reason for the liberals' uneasiness is that over the last decades only the United Mine Workers have outdistanced the Steelworkers in wage gains. Supplementary unemployment benefits, paid holidays, premium pay – in all of these steel ranks very near the top. "So what?" you ask: "Should the reformer be berated because he is successful?"

There is something else. Every year fewer workers are required to produce a ton of steel (automation), and many workers are now unemployed. The Union speaks for those laid off as well as for those employed. Will success in negotiating wage increases make it still more profitable for the companies to displace labor? Is the price of better wages, fewer jobs? "We have seen that in steel, we have seen it in coal," the President said last week, adding that "we have to find, over a 10-year period, 25,000 new jobs every week to take care of those who are displaced by machines and those who are coming into the labor market." The result of better wages may be fewer jobs. And here is where the union's case for a shorter work week has its strength.

But what of the argument that higher wages and fringe increments for the workers can be taken out of stockholders' profit? It is not very plausible. In comparison with other major industries, the steel stockholder's slice is thin. For instance, for the third quarter of 1961, the annual rate of profit on stockholders' after-tax equity was 6.4 percent in steel, compared with 8.8 percent for all industry and 11 percent for chemicals. In no comparable manufacturing industry did it fall below 6 percent. Steel's net earnings after taxes in that same quarter was $208 million. As long as executive salaries are at their present levels, the unions are likely to claim that a reallocation of gross earnings between salaries and wages is desirable, but the benefit this would bring the men in the plant is marginal.

The yield from which increased wages *could* be obtained is the annual increase in productivity. But that is not the way it has worked in the past. Increased costs in steel as in the other large, unionized industries, have been passed on to the consumer. Companies have protected profit margins by jacking up prices, and in a quasi-monopoly, administered-price industry, they could get away with it. Yet the inflationary wallop packed by price increases in steel is enormous and affects not only every consumer's budget here but the salability of American products throughout the world. Economists with the Joint Economic Committee have estimated that 40 percent of the recent rise in wholesale prices is attributable to above-average increases in the price of steel; and this estimate allows only for cost increases to steel consumers, ignoring the pattern-setting effects of wage increases that have spread to automobiles, aircraft, electrical equipment, and other industries. While a little inflation whose costs are evenly borne by the population is not to be dreaded, disproportionate price advances in a basic industry create grievous inequities.

Globaloney

The first useful product of the space program, a communications system that will ultimately link the continents in a network of microwave telephone and TV channels, is all but here. When it is installed – in three to four years – the Australians and New Zealanders, indeed, people anywhere in Europe or Asia or Africa will be able to see and hear their representatives speaking (for instance) in the United Nations at the very moment the action occurs. This new technology has a potentiality of shrinking the earth to the size of one of our metropolitan areas. So it was to the UN that President Kennedy spoke boldly of these possibilities last fall.

"The new horizons of outer space," he said on that occasion, "must not be riven by the old bitter concepts of imperialism and sovereign claims. . . . To this end we shall urge proposals extending the United Nations Charter to the limits of man's exploration in the universe, reserving outer space for peaceful use. . . . We shall propose, finally, a global system of communications satellites linking the whole world in telegraph and telephone and radio and television."

How are these lofty aims advanced by the actual proposals for development of a space communications system which the President sent to Congress earlier this month? "This is a subject," he tells Congress, "which, by nature, is essentially private enterprise in character." That is the dominant theme. He recommends a federally-chartered, US communications satellite corporation which will float two types of stock. Class A stock is to be sold to the public in the United States and abroad; foreign governments with wholly-

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owned telephone and TV systems may buy these shares too – in limited amounts. For such stock will carry voting rights, and provision is made to avoid a concentration of shareholdings which could give any single group control over the system. The second or Class B type of stock will be sold only to American communications companies approved by the Federal Communications Commission, and it will carry no voting rights. But such US companies will be reimbursed by being permitted to figure interest charges on the amount they invest in the stock when computing the rates for service on their existing facilities. In brief, the American consumer will pay for this private investment in a communications satellite system by high telephone and telegraph bills.

The entire proposal seems to be a device for avoiding a commitment of any public funds whatever to the purposes announced with such fanfare last fall. If this imaginative venture born of a radical break-through in technology was worthy of the rhetoric expended upon it, then it deserves to be carried forward by an organization whose charter explicitly provides for these larger purposes.

Cotton Textiles

The President is asking for a special tax on imports of cotton goods to offset the difference between the support price American mills pay for domestic raw cotton and the lower world price paid by foreign mills for the same cotton. Simultaneously, 19 nations have just entered into an agreement (though not yet ratified it) to regulate world marketing of cotton goods. Both are at odds with the spirit, and in some instances the letter, of the Administration's new trade policy.

American cotton growers get a support price for their cotton which at present is about 8½ cents a pound above the world price. The American manufacturer pays that price; he can import almost no foreign cotton at the cheaper world price. When the raw cotton moves abroad, the shipper gets 8½ cents a pound in subsidy so that he can sell at the world price. Foreign mills pay the world price, make up cotton goods, and ship them to the American market at a raw material price advantage of 8½ cents a pound over the American maker selling in the same market.

There is hardly any doubt that this is unfair to the American manufacturer. But error lies in the premise that the unfairness can be corrected by an offset. The fault lies with the two-price system on cotton.

Let us try to square the proposed offset tax with the President's broad trade proposals. In the name of freer trade through the lowering of tariff barriers, he hopes that national policy can take precedence over localized damage from that policy. To this end, tariff policy would be used for protection only when a whole American industry is suffering. Where the damage is confined to individual units, the national policy would be maintained, and the damage would be redressed by federal assistance to the specific enterprise: Its proprietors would be given financial and technical assistance to improve their efficiency or to shift to a line less vulnerable to foreign competition; the workers would be retrained on new machinery, or on machinery producing a different product, or even relocated in other jobs elsewhere.

What is sauce for industry ought to be sauce for agriculture. The cotton growing economy is capable of meeting foreign competition. The support price simply sustains its weaker segments – at the expense of the textile industry and the taxpayer.

Leaving aside for the moment the possible effect of this proposed tax on imports of cotton goods from our major ally in Asia – Japan – it runs counter to another element of the President's new trade policy: the promise that American consumers will be given a wider choice of goods, at competitive prices.

As for the 19-nation Geneva agreement, the only possible word for important parts of it is "regressive." It is regressive in the indisputable fact that it establishes quotas for imports. It is regressive in that it permits unilateral US restrictive action on imports. It is protectionist in spirit. It sets up a wall for an industry, textiles, which, while it can complain about spectacular percentage rises in textile imports from specific sources, still gets 93 percent of the domestic market.

Doctors and the House

In the USSR, according to a World Health Organization report last December, there is one doctor for every 550 Soviet citizens; in Czechoslovakia the ratio is one to 590; there is one doctor for every 790 Americans, which keeps the average doctor working a 60 to 70 hour week and leaves many people in our poorer, less-doctored areas without adequate medical service. If adequate provision were made for getting all those to doctors who require them, we would probably need a doctor for every 500 people. Yet just to maintain the present ratio of doctors to patients over the next 15 years, American medical schools will have to increase their annual output from 7,300 to 11,000. This is no greater increase than will be called for in higher education generally, but it looms large when one realizes that, unlike other colleges, medical schools have not expanded at all for a decade and hardly at all for 50 years. A survey in the fall of 1960 showed that the 92 existing medical schools would be willing to expand by 20 percent, if they could afford to. The remaining 30 percent expansion will have to come from 20-odd

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new medical schools, costing $10 to $25 million each.

Where is the money to come from? The House of Representatives has just concluded hearings on a bill to provide roughly $950 million over the next ten years for new facilities and medical school scholarships. This is just a beginning. It will, however, bring medical schools within striking distance of adequacy, assuming they can also get massive infusions from foundations, industry, and doctors. The AMA favors government appropriations for new facilities, and does not actively oppose the scholarships, although these would open medicine for the first time to a substantial number of students from the less affluent classes. Nobody has actively opposed the bill, so far, and with luck it should pass even the present conservative House. If it doesn't, it might be advisable to start making your doctors' appointments for 1975.

Go West, Young Man

When the National Merit Scholarship Corporation went into business in 1956 most of its winners wanted to go to a handfull of colleges: Harvard-Yale-Princeton; MIT-Cal Tech-Rice; Amherst-Swarthmore-Oberlin; Radcliffe-Wellesley; Stanford-Northwestern-Michigan-Chicago-Cornell. These were the best-known colleges in the country, and because they got most of the best students, they probably deserved their reputation.

But the number of talented people demanding admission to some kind of selective college has risen in the last six years, and the top dozen no longer have room for all the bright scholars who apply. So the Merit Scholars are spreading out to other institutions. Among Eastern colleges the ups and downs are haphazard: Wesleyan and Williams have replaced Amherst as the most popular small men's colleges; Columbia and Dartmouth have risen at the expense of Yale and Princeton; Harvard remains supreme and Radcliffe has an increasing monopoly on women's talent; Bryn Mawr has eclipsed Wellesley as the number two women's college. But the big boom has been elsewhere in the country: the University of Arkansas now enrolls one percent of all National Merit Scholars; Carleton and Macalaster have emerged from obscurity to challenge Oberlin's monopoly on Midwestern small-college distinction; the Midwestern state universities are also getting more scholars, though in most cases no more than the expansion of the Merit Scholarship program would lead one to expect; Notre Dame has come into its own; on the West Coast, Cal Tech and Stanford are growing fast enough so that by 1970 they might even challenge MIT and Harvard, though they still have some way to go.

The healthy increase in the number of academic "haves" is reassuring; but the annual report of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation also provides some disconcerting evidence that the gap between the haves and have-nots is growing instead of shrinking. A recently completed study by NMSC shows that in terms of all sorts of college "wealth," from endowment and buildings to scholarly faculty and talented students, the rich are getting richer much faster than the poor. Maybe higher education needs some kind of a progressive "talent tax."

Habeas Corpus in Pakistan

A recent item in *The New York Times* listed the Bronx Star among former Major General Edwin Walker's decorations. This award ranks on a par with the Bronze Cheer, which is given for extraordinary feats of missing a point. Now comes a *Times* editorial worth considering for the latter. The editorial pondered the troubles in East Pakistan following the action of the Ayub Khan regime in placing the aging former Prime Minister, H. S. Suhrawardy, in preventive detention. Trying its best to see things in a good light, the *Times* concluded that assessment of the charges against Suhrawardy would have to await his day in court.

From the outset the main basis for criticism of the arrest – a point pressed courageously by various bar associations in Pakistan – has been that the regime has undertaken to punish Suhrawardy through an arbitrary process denying him the opportunity of defending himself. After the arrest, a Pathan leader named Abdul Khan Khayyum Khan, putting aside old political grudges to act as attorney for Suhrawardy, sought a writ of *habeas corpus*. The ground for hope was small, for in previous instances the Ayub dictatorship had ignored judicial interpositions on behalf of prisoners under political arrest. This time the dictatorship issued a fiat barring courts from receiving and considering applications for writs in such cases. The day in court which the *Times* chose to await has thus been forbidden arbitrarily and altogether.

The *Times* editorial, moreover, reflected a disproportion often found in American views of Pakistan – implicitly regarding the Western wing as the main part and East Pakistan as a remote appendage. In an important sense, it is the other way around. East Pakistan embraces the majority of the population and the country's largest language group. Only in light of this circumstance can one appraise discontent in East Pakistan over what is regarded as subordination to West Pakistan, home of nearly all the Army and most of the bureaucracy. Ayub Khan, as the *Times* observed, has tried to allay this feeling, but his efforts have been in terms of "our" intention to treat "you" fairly – a use of pronouns not likely to assuage the East Pakistanis' restiveness.

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Fighters for Freedom

A rally of conservatives in Madison Square Garden March 7 is having a hard time. First, General Walker was dropped from the program, at Senator Goldwater's insistence. Then, Senator Dodd sent his regrets. Finally, the brightest star, Moise Tshombe, won't be there because he has been denied a visa; anyway, his presence might have been embarrassing. Only last week, Mr. Tshombe repeated his charge that the United Nations has intervened in Katanga "for the profit of the United States capitalists."

But the absence that interests us most is that of Sal B. Hoffmann, International President of the Upholsterers International Union. When the Young Americans for Freedom, Inc., appealed to him to support their rally, Mr. Hoffmann declined with an explanation worth quoting at length:

"I am certainly interested in the fight for freedom. . . . For some 80 years my International Union, and for some 42 years I, as an individual union officer in every type of post, paid and unpaid, have battled for freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom from tyranny of arbitrary authority . . . on behalf of the least educated, the lowest paid, the most lowly born of our population, the thousands of industrial workers following my own and my father's trade. For 40 of those years, since their first appearance on the American scene, my Union, like the AFL as a whole, and I, have been notable for our recognition and continuous resistance, both in our Union and public life, and now internationally, to the Communists, who, though they frequently speak to us falsely in the name of various freedoms, are freedom's bitterest foes.

"While some of your officers and, presumably, your members also, are too young to have borne any part in this battle against Communism or to even have firsthand experience with this struggle or with fighting off the real article, I have no doubt that your education and advantages in today's America have ensured that you are arrayed with us against these obvious foes of freedom. [But] when I read your program, I find some doubt as to whether your political education has taught you all of the real history of the unfolding of freedom in these United States. With all of the certainty of youth, you assert the superiority, in accord with the genius of the Constitution, of state power as against federal powers. I seem to remember that a hundred years ago it was state powers which guarded and perpetuated the institution of chattel slavery, and that it was federal power alone that destroyed this institution of complete denial of freedom. And, I also remember that federal power alone was able to wipe off the books of the most vociferous of the states now asserting the sacredness of state power, such infamous laws as the Black Codes, which even in 1865, after four years of costly Civil War, still made it a capital offense to teach a black man to read and write.

"As I read my country's history, every major subsequent advance made since the legal extinction of slavery by federal enactment, and aimed to remove its odious remnants in law and practice, has required the use of federal power.

"As a trades unionist, I certainly know that every major advance in my lifetime, in freedom from want and economic oppression of the people who earn their bread with their daily labor, has been by the exercise of federal power, frequently not only at the expense of, but, as in the case of slavery, over the bitter opposition of state powers.

"Before you or most of your members were born, I lived and worked in this country when there was no protection against the arbitrary will of an employer or his foreman, whose power over the economic life of the workmen was so great Chief Justice Taft once declared that the very tone of voice, independent of the words used by the master to his workmen, could constitute intimidation. It was federal power superseding state power that ended virtual industrial serfdom in big industry. . . .

"I am certain that your two listed keynote speakers, Senators Goldwater and Tower, do not understand the whole and indivisible nature of the freedom you assert. I have listened and heard them speak only for that portion of freedom which is useful for the already rich, well born, well educated, powerful and comfortable. . . . All of this brings me to inspect your more elderly advisers. At least two of them spent long years forwarding the Communist cause in literature, in teaching and in labor, while organized elements, like my Union and myself, were fighting that Communist offensive, including their part in it. These are high grade intellects and they are properly welcomed back to freedom's side. But they, in all proper humility, might well refrain from lecturing organized labor in such patronizing tones, as John Dos Passos and Dr. Bella Dodd have unpardonably done, to those who only a few years ago were holding the line against the Communists, while Dos Passos and Dr. Dodd, in Communism's era of much greater domestic strength than now, were passing up the ammunition to our Communist foe.

"Captain Eddie Rickenbacker is also on your list. I remember that in the days of the great illusion about Soviet co-belligerency on the part of almost every large section of America, except organized labor, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came back from a visit to the Soviet Union, with its state-controlled slave trade unions, and publicly praised to the skies the "no-nonsense" treatment of labor in the territory of our "great" Soviet ally as compared with the presumably lily fingered softness to organized labor back here in the USA. I have never heard Mr. Rickenbacker repudiate that wartime nonsense and may be forgiven for doubting if he has ever understood the nature of freedom here, except an anarchic, selfish individual part of it, which is no guide for you and me, any better than he understood what he saw in Soviet Russia in wartime. . . .

"I will not send you money, since the men you sponsor as speakers and their supporters didn't seem to need it the last time I looked. I do send you much more valuable advice, and the cost of time, brain sweat and effort to a boy merely educated in tax-supported Philadelphia public schools and the hard college of the labor movement, is so considerable, that I feel like a very generous man."

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HOW THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF CUBA WAS ACCOMPLISHED

Division in the Americas

Punta del Este, Uruguay

It was a cool summer Sunday during the recent conference of the Foreign Ministers of the Americas. Eduardo Victor Haedo, the President of the Government Council of Uruguay, hovered among his distinguished guests, trying to lighten the somewhat gloomy air hanging over the party. The Foreign Ministers of the Americas and their wives did their best to appear at ease, complimenting their host on his magnificent country villa. But it all seemed a little forced after many sleepless nights debating measures that should be adopted to isolate the Marxist-Leninist regime of Fidel Castro.

Haedo himself did the carving of the meat (*asado con cuero*, a beef barbecue in which leather and hair of the steer are left intact).

Suddenly, breaking the silence, he raised the huge knife threatening in jest: "All of you have to reach an agreement or I shall use this on you." Then, pointing toward Osvaldo Dorticos, the President of Cuba, Haedo added: "Specially on you, my friend!" The Cuban mumbled something and fell into a blank stare. This did not deter Haedo. When he had served huge portions of juicy steaks to almost all his invitees and one cut remained, he gave it to Secretary of State Rusk. He addressed Dorticos once more: "You see how imperialism has taken my last morsel?" Dorticos managed a nervous smile, while the others, including Rusk, roared. Haedo had finally succeeded in injecting some joviality into the gathering. It was a hard won success. The final "success" of Punta del Este also was destined to be gained the hard way. Commented one distinguished lady after the luncheon: "That man Dorticos behaved as if he were witnessing Stalin's cremation instead of eating lunch!"

Cuban officials have done themselves more damage by ignoring the ancient Spanish code of behavior, summarized in "*Lo cortes no quita lo valiente*," than by anything else. It means, "Your courtesy does not detract from your courage." It is but one example of the incongruous Cuban aping of the Russian Bolshevik deportment of the 1920's. To Latin Americans, showing such abject subjugation to foreign standards, any foreign standards, is repulsive.

The Foreign Ministers conference was convoked with the explicit purpose of adopting the harshest measures possible against Castro's Cuba. The proceedings took on the look of a long procession toward the gallows, with stops at every corner for secret consultation on the kind of death penalty that would be pronounced against the culprit: the firing squad, the noose, electrocution, guillotine, starvation. Six countries, the ABC (Argentina, Brazil and Chile), together with Mexico, Bolivia and Ecuador, held to the last against capital punishment on the grounds that the Organization of American States Charter does not provide for the death sentence.

Dean Rusk shunned any legal argument. Said he: "We must now make the policy decision to exclude the Castro regime from participation in the organ and bodies of the inter-American system; and to direct the Council of the Organization to determine how best to give rapid implementation to this decision." Nevertheless, a legal question of transcendental importance was at stake: Would a political decision, by establishing a precedent, make a law in the Anglo-Saxon tradition?

The major Latin American countries contended that the Roman-Hispanic procedure should be followed, that is to say, amend the Charter first, thus establishing a statute that would provide for contingencies such as those arising out of the Cuban case. This allegation provoked vociferous reaction from Colombia, Peru and Guatemala; they called it a "sham," "pretext to do nothing," "a shameful trick to delay action," a "Communist maneuver." "Here we are," argued the Guatemalan Ambassador to the OAS, "confronted with a spreading pest, and those good gentlemen pretend that we pervert the law by hanging on to its narrowest point." The same urgency was expressed by Secretary Rusk: "Vitamin tablets will not save a man set upon by hoodlums in an alley."

The Cubans peddled vainly the doctrine of "peaceful coexistence." Dorticos, in his speech, formally offered to negotiate all differences with the US with an "open agenda" and solemnly promised to do the same with the rest of the Latin American countries with whom there are difficulties. His condition: "Mutual respect for our respective institutions and social and political systems." His plea fell flat. It had been determined, in the dictum of President Kennedy, that "Communism in the Western Hemisphere is not negotiable." Furthermore, there was unanimity among the governments that the present Cuban regime "is incompatible with the inter-American system."

Curiously enough – and I have not seen this mentioned publicly – one of the strongest arguments presented by Argentina, Brazil and Chile for not favoring the "isolation" of Cuba was that the Vatican had ad-

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vised against such a move. One could not be more Catholic than the Pope! But it apparently cut no ice with President Kennedy, who had told President Frondizi of Argentina at Palm Beach that although he was a Catholic and had enormous regard for Pope John XXIII in religious matters, it made no difference to him what he thought about the Cuban situation *vis à vis* US interests in the Cold War.

As we have learned, the Eighth Meeting of Consultation, as the Punta del Este conference was officially known, went stale after the first few days of behind-the-scenes negotiations. To keep the parley dragging on much longer would have been ridiculous. It was decided to make the best out of the first major split in the history of Pan-Americanism: no country would vote with Cuba; the limit allowed would be plain abstentions. And thus it went on to a final vote in spite of the arguments dispensed by Senator Hickenlooper and Congressman Seldon to the reluctant "Sixes": "No vote against Castro, no Alliance for Progress." For exclusion: 14 votes, the bare minimum necessary. As the Mexican foreign minister put it: "The United States got all the votes it needed, but not all the votes it wanted." Thus were Cuba, Castro and Communism excommunicated from the democratic Organization of American States. L. Aragon-Escalona

NOTHING IS SETTLED, EVERYTHING DEPENDS

The Mood in Algeria

Algiers

The imminence of a cease-fire between the FLN and French forces in Algeria has done nothing to decrease fear and uncertainty here. On the contrary, tension, violence, and mistrust have been growing as agreement draws near, and serious outbreaks of fighting between French and French, Arab and Arab as well as between French and Arab are still in the cards.

The mood of the *pieds noirs* – the million-strong French Algerian community – who for so long basked in the confidence that France would back them to the hilt, is now one of bitter despair. There is not the slightest doubt that the Secret Army Organization represents the overwhelming majority of *pieds noirs*, from the workers – who formerly voted Socialist or Communist – and small shopkeepers, to the property-owners, professional men, students and *colons* proper. But, like its supporters, the Secret Army has yet to evolve a precise idea of what it wants and how it intends to get it. The shocks of the past few years have destroyed their belief in the kind of "*Algérie Française*" they envisaged a few years ago, *i.e.*, a return to the *status quo ante* 1955. But they have yet to propose any clear alternative to the Sovereign Algerian Republic envisaged in both Paris and Tunis. They seriously consider armed resistance to the establishment of an FLN government in Algeria, and have been going ahead with the training and formation of a secret field army – with what success it is too soon to say, except that they have no shortage of cadres and volunteers.

It is true that a majority of the French officers disapprove of de Gaulle's policy, thus the conflict between their "sense of obedience and conscience," as more than one officer has put it in conversation. But their reasons for disapproving are by no means the same as the local Europeans', and in many cases are directly opposite. The French officer corps, particularly in the Captain to Colonel grades, tends to be Left-inclined, intellectual and deeply concerned with the mystique of Western civilization in general and French civilization in particular. In Algeria they discovered that France's sins of omission and *colon* egotism had provided the FLN with just grievances, and they set out to remedy this by giving the Algerian Moslems real material and spiritual grounds for loyalty to Republican France while fighting the FLN, with its totalitarian and facist approach and uninhibited use of terror against fellow Moslems as well as against Frenchmen. In order to achieve this the French Army seriously tried to carry out a kind of socialist revolution from above in the Algerian countryside. But it soon found itself balked by Metropolitan indifference and *pied noir* hostility.

The one thing the French officers have in common with the *pieds noirs* is opposition to handing Algeria over to the FLN, since this would not only nullify their sacrifices and the military successes they gained after half a dozen years of trial and error, but would in their eyes, be a betrayal of those Algerians who have supported the French Army against the FLN on the promise that the Army would never desert them. Their dilemma, and that of the many Moslems who prefer

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French democracy to FLN rule, are very real. It produced the *putsch* of the colonels on April 22, 1961. It could produce a second *putsch*.

But the French officers mistrust the *pieds noirs* and disapprove of the kind of support the Secret Army has found in Metropolitan France and its use of FLN tactics. Whether, in a pinch, the officers would help put down a Secret Army uprising, or at least stand by while the gendarmerie and special loyal units did so, or whether they would intervene depends on many things: the actual terms of the agreement; the degree of solidarity among the Europeans in rejecting it; the reaction of their own Moslem troops and auxiliaries and Moslem civilians with whom they work; the behavior of the French authorities in Algeria; and particularly the behavior of the FLN and its supporters.

The conduct of the French authorities and "forces of order" have evoked considerable indignation among the officers and created additional sympathy for the Secret Army. The Delegation Generale that presumably represents the regime in Paris has shut itself away in an administrative ghetto about 40 miles from Algiers, where it exercises little influence on day to day events, and patently regards the Europeans rather than the FLN as its main opponent. The French "forces of order" are accused of kidnapping, expelling and assassinating suspected Secret Army activists, and of hiring common law criminals at high salaries to carry out counter-terror. (It is difficult to know, nowadays, who is responsible for the 50 or so daily killings.)

It is widely feared that when the cease-fire is announced, French authorities will try to encourage large-scale pro-FLN Arab demonstrations in the towns. But demonstrations of this kind, however peaceably they might begin, could very easily lead to pillage and bloodshed involving European civilians, the Secret Army, the gendarmerie and other forces of order, the regular Army, and Arab civilians indiscriminately. Neither a mass panic exodus of Europeans nor a *putsch* by the Secret Army *and* the regular Army can be ruled out under such circumstances.

Arab reactions to a cease-fire are even more difficult to assess. A large proportion of Algeria's eight million Arabs have been only marginally affected by the rebellion one way or another. Some sympathized actively or passively, out of general Moslem solidarity and hostility to "infidel" rule. Others, terrorized into supporting the rebellion by FLN massacres which affected some 10 times as many Arabs as Europeans, later went over to the French. Some Arabs benefited from the revolution introduced by the Army, while others suffered from reprisals carried out by certain military units at certain times. (When soldiers discover their comrades with their throats slit and their genitals cut off they lose their humanity.) In some urban and rural areas rival nationalist groups, particularly the MNA led by Messali Hadj – which still has the support of a majority of Algerian workers in France – have held their own against the FLN. Relationships between the exile *Gouvernment Provisoire de la République Algérienne* and the FLN groups inside Algeria are a matter for conjecture. The large number of Moslems employed by government and local administration, and in French enterprises (where the principle of equal pay for equal work is rigorously enforced under Trade Union as well as government pressure) – clerks, skilled workers, teachers, doctors and male nurses, waiters and barmen – and many of the Moslem middle classes, stand to lose by the establishment of unrestricted FLN power. "Only traitors will be liquidated," an FLN supporter assured me, "no one else has anything to fear." "Are there many traitors?" I asked. He gave a very decided yes.

Without leadership, these individual Arabs will have to make the best bargain they can with the FLN or accept "repatriation" to France, but given leadership by the Army, possibly even by the Secret Army, they could become a factor of considerable political importance, as they were for a moment in 1958. The *harkis* and *mukhaznis* – military and civilian auxiliaries to the French forces – who outnumbered the FLN and have played an important part in the Army's social revolution, are extremely apprehensive of their fate under FLN rule. They have the right to opt for incorporation in the French Army – and eventual evacuation when the French Army is evacuated – but many prefer a political solution which would enable them to live and work in Algeria, under French protection.

But the *shabab*, the young underemployed Moslems of the towns, and many of the semi-intellectuals and unskilled and casual workers, are passionately pro-FLN and eager for a chance to demonstrate their active hatred for "Christian dogs," Jews and traitors. (The FLN has agreed to recognize Algerian Jews as Frenchmen; this has advantages and problems, and has been accompanied by increased FLN violence against Jews.) These *shabab* are a potential counterweight to the Europeans, though they are considerably less effective in organized fighting.

Paris still hopes to avoid overt violence by a settlement which binds Algeria to France by bonds of economic interest, which appeases the Europeans and pro-French Moslems by promises of protection during the transition period and generous compensation for "repatriates" ("expatriates" would be a more accurate term for people who have four or five generations buried in Algerian soil). If they achieve this, the Army's bitterness will be appeased, if not actually assuaged, and France will be able to turn to other important tasks near home. But here in Algiers, there are few optimists. Economic life is drooping, the rich are transferring their capital as best they can, and the brotherhood of man seems further away than ever. ALFRED SHERMAN

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THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S PRECINCT DIPLOMACY IN JAPAN

Typhoon Bobby Was Here

Tokyo

"Typhoon Bobby" hit Tokyo at 7:26 p.m. on February 4, whipped as far west as industrial Osaka and sent shock waves as far south as America's "Keystone of the Pacific," Okinawa. Calm has at last returned but for six days and nights, the Attorney General swept through 18-hour "rice roots" schedules, leaving outrun newsmen, outargued socialists, outsmarted students breathless in his wake. This was the tour – so rousing a success to anyone on the spot – that was subjected to the caviling of *The New Republic* (November 27, 1961) on the ground that it would be inappropriate for the Attorney General "to confer with chiefs of state on world issues." Rep. John V. Lindsay (R, N.Y.) was quoted as saying, "The Attorney General is untrained and without background in the business of diplomacy."

That Robert F. Kennedy's visit (no, that word is too sedate, "unseasonable storm" is better) was unorthodox and unprecedented is undeniable. That he was hooted and howled at along the way could be seized on as proof that diplomacy should be left to diplomats. Yet his very kid-brotherness gave him a chance to practice a kind of precinct diplomacy denied any other US representative, even so highly respected and competent a one as Ambassador Edwin O. Reischauer.

His position as US Attorney General interested the Japanese press and people not one whit. He enthralled them simply because his surname is Kennedy, and because each time he spoke the Japanese could close their eyes and effortlessly imagine they were really hearing the President. It was this "Kennedyism" (the young, handsome face that brought giggling gasps from schoolgirls, the hundreds of Japanese who confused Ethel with Jackie and crowded excitedly around "the President's wife") that made his impact more dramatic than that of Rusk, Hodges, Freeman, Goldberg, even the Fuji-climbing Udall – all here last November for economic talks at Hakone. Labeled "the fireball" by weary American Embassy workers who had to pad out his already packed schedule with 6 a.m. ice skating and dawn demonstrations of the Japanese art of self-defense, Kennedy created the biggest trans-Pacific splash since the cancellation of Ike's visit.

Critics may draw a parallel between the demonstrations of 1960 and the anti-Kennedy agitation witnessed on this trip. But there is little similarity in atmosphere between then and now. Even the highly volatile Zengakuren student organization, so much in evidence at the Hagerty Incident two years ago, made only lukewarm efforts to disrupt Kennedy's avowed wish "to see the factories, farms and universities that have made Japan one of the world's great nations." And those on both the Left and Right who chose to make nuisances of themselves were either effectively, professionally "shot down" by lawyer Kennedy; or, discredited and disavowed by the great mass of Japanese.

He encountered but chose to ignore the first dissonance. Following his arrival statement at Tokyo International Airport – which he prefaced with a fumbling sentence in much-appreciated Japanese – a small knot of uniformed ultra-rightists of the Greater Japan Patriotic Society scuffled with police, bashed a misspelled "Welcome Mr. Kenedy" sign over one policeman's head in an attempt to reach the honored guest with handclasps and a petition urging US preventive war against the Soviet Union. The President's brother gave them a cold blue eye, turned his attentions to lines of students in celluloid collars, won laughter, applause from all but the Greater Patriots.

His most publicized adventure occurred, of course, at Tokyo's massive Waseda University, where some 100 Zengakuren extremists, scattered strategically in a pro-Kennedy mob of 6,000 (in an auditorium for 2,500) punctured the rah-rahs and hear-hears with strident shouts of "Kennedy Go Home," "Hands Off Cuba" and "Give Back Okinawa," cut the public address system to silence him and sent a two-man shock force to storm the platform. Determined to hold a give-and-take bull session, Kennedy showed remarkable patience, if not the blandly smiling indulgence of two dozen Waseda professors on the platform, not one of whom lifted a finger to establish a semblance of discipline. (To have done so would have been "an infringement of students' rights" under Japan's curious postwar conception of academic freedom.) Indeed, the Attorney General even held a battery-operated mike for one of the haranguing students who spilled out an assembly line of anti-American slogans.

Finally, Bobby lost patience, turned his back on the chaos by sitting on a table, profile to audience, arms folded, head bowed. This was enough to partially awe the students and allowed him sufficient silence to strike a few well-aimed blows: democracy carries with it responsibilities, freedom is not synonymous with license. Yet even that rowdy scene, which he later termed "a most interesting experience," was, all in all, a success. The Japanese press was quick with apologies,

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200 Waseda students called on Ambassador Reischauer that night with formal regrets, and the very behavior of the 100 isolated them from the prevailing mood of welcome that was the hallmark of the tour.

But the most impressive thing RFK did and which no one else including the President could have managed, was to say a lot of things that have long needed saying in Japan to Japanese. To businessmen, still wailing over the failure of the Hakone conference to remove overnight all obstacles to US-Japanese trade, the Attorney General was friendly but firm, pointing out that America's first duty is to Americans, that America has staggering unemployment and economic troubles of its own, that, in effect, it cannot be guided by Japanese sensitivities each step of the way.

To politicians he gave an appreciative ear to Japanese longings for return of administrative reins in the Ryukyu Islands and promised to bring the intensity of those longings to the President's ear. At the same time he adroitly sidestepped a blundering suggestion by Kakuei Tanaka, chairman of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party's policy board, hinting that in return for the Ryukyus, Japan would amend its anti-war constitution and rearm.

To representatives of the Japan Socialist Party, major opposition group in the nation, Kennedy offered hard-headed arguments, touches of Irish temper, and in an hour-long debate he won hands down. He insisted that the Party's professed neutrality is not that at all. He challenged them to list three examples of their party's opposition to policies of the Soviet Union, apart from protest against Russia's resumption of nuclear testing. The embarrassed Socialists had no answer. If he embarrassed some ("I guess he likes to argue because he's such a young man," one debate opponent said limply afterward), he also won the respect of the embarrassed. His willingness to talk frankly on any issue with anyone surprised many, pleased everyone.

Typhoons, particularly unseasonable ones, make deep impressions on the Japanese and are long recalled. Congressman Lindsay and *The New Republic* should have been here.

JOHN BARR

Civil Defense and Fallout Shelters

A Rebuttal by Morton Halperin

The controversy over civil defense which has swept the country as a result of the proposals of the Kennedy Administration to undertake the construction, identification and stocking of fallout shelters has raised a number of burning but irrelevant issues. The question which should be discussed is whether, in a defense budget of over $50 billion, slightly under $1 billion annually ought to be spent on fallout shelters.

As the study in *The New Republic* ("Shelters and Survival," January 15) made clear, the Administration's civil defense program has been confused and there have been a number of false starts. While it is legitimate and valuable to point out the inconsistencies that have attended the launching of this program, one should not confuse criticism on this level with discussion of the desirability of fallout shelters. Disagreement within an Administration is by no means an unusual phenomenon, and given the complexities involved, the confusion over civil defense has probably been kept as low as is possible.

Opponents of the program have pointed to civil defense as a symbol of the current deterrence strategy and have argued that this strategy can only lead to disaster. This is not the place to deal with what alternatives there might be to a deterrent strategy or what other policies might complement it. But whether a specific civil defense program makes sense should be separated from the more general question of whether the present defense policy is the optimum one for the United States.

The civil defense issue also gets confused with the question of how bad a general war might be. In particular, opponents of civil defense frequently accuse its proponents of feeling that general war would, after all, not be very unpleasant. The argument over how disastrous a thermonuclear war might be seems to me to be futile and somewhat inane. We can all agree that thermonuclear war would be the worst disaster ever experienced by mankind, and we could agree that our primary desire is to avoid it under almost any conceivable circumstances. We must nevertheless ask ourselves: Are there conceivable circumstances of general war for which the construction of fallout shelters can make a significant difference to the country in its

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efforts to recover? If the answer to this question is affirmative, then we need to assess the negative costs of building shelters and try to see if these outweigh their possible utility.

There is a tendency evident in *The New Republic* study by Brynes and Underhill, as well as in other attacks on civil defense, to expect a single conclusion as to whether or not fallout shelters will make a difference in the event of general war. While there is some difference of opinion on the technical questions of the effects of nuclear weapons, and a widespread recognition of the uncertainty as to the cumulative effects of large-scale attack, by and large most of the disagreement is not over these technical questions, but rather on the question of what kind of attack from the Soviets it would be reasonable to expect.

The dispute within the government as to what kind of attack is most likely reflects a genuine uncertainty as to the strategy the Russians would follow in a general war, and it probably assumes an uncertainty in the Soviet mind as to what they would do in the event of war. We need to ask not what single kind of attack the Russians will carry out, but rather what different kinds of attacks are possible and what difference fallout shelters would make in each case.

Even a massive fallout shelter program would not affect in any significant way the number of people in the United States that the Soviets could kill, provided their aim was to kill as many people as possible. Since the proposed shelters protect only against fallout and not blast, as Brynes and Underhill note, the Russians will still be able to inflict very large civilian casualties by directing their attack against American cities. Fallout shelters make a difference only if the Russians do not try to kill as many civilians as they can or have a positive incentive to avoid civilian casualties.

The potential utility of fallout shelters, then, hinges on the possibility of a general war taking place in which the Soviets either do not have a positive incentive to kill people, or have a positive incentive not to.

In case of general war, the Soviets presumably would be interested in "winning," or in minimizing damage to the Soviet Union. Neither of these objectives would be served by attacks on cities. Rather, the urgent problem of the Soviet military will be to destroy American strategic forces as quickly and as effectively as possible. Whether attacks on American strategic forces lead to large-scale civilian destruction will depend on a number of factors including how close our strategic forces are to our large population centers, and whether or not we have undertaken a fallout shelter program. It is also possible that the Soviets would try to avoid American civilian destruction; their hope here, presumably, would be that we would reciprocate by not attacking Soviet cities. Press reports have suggested that the US has moved far in this direction. If the reports are correct, our strategic force targeting system has apparently been altered to remove Soviet cities from the primary list of targets.

Thus there clearly are motives for the Soviets to avoid direct attacks on US cities should there be a general war. This is not to say that they would in fact fight the war in this way; they may find these arguments unconvincing or incapable of being put into practice. In addition, irrational or emotional behavior may lead to the decision to bomb cities even if that is not militarily most efficient. The Soviets may have more strategic forces at some future date than they feel they can profitably target against strategic forces and hence may bomb at least some cities.

But in order to make a case for fallout shelters it is not necessary to guarantee that the Soviets will not bomb American cities. It is sufficient to point out that they may well have strong motives to avoid cities and that it is at least possible that the war would be fought in this way.

Given the possibility that fallout shelters may make a major difference under some conceivable general war conditions, and given that the government is proposing to spend only about two percent of the defense budget on fallout shelters, the case for shelters seems sound, unless one can demonstrate that they have important negative effects; specifically, the effect of increasing the likelihood of general war or of radically changing American society. It is my contention that they do not.

The major argument against fallout shelters seems to rely on a profound mistrust of the President and his principal advisers. The assumption made is that, following the construction of fallout shelters, the Administration will believe that nuclear war had now become acceptable to us because American casualties can be reduced. Hence it would act in provocative ways or even strike first.

This argument assumes that the US could be sure if it built fallout shelters that American casualties would be kept to a low level. But, a fallout shelter program would provide no such guarantee. The uncertainties that remain, including the nature of the Soviet response to an American attack, would be so great as to preclude this kind of calculation. A careful explanation which indicated that shelters could not guarantee to save lives, but might do so, should avoid the problem of creating public pressure for war. It may, however, touch off increased pressures to avoid war by appeasing the Soviet Union.

It is true that some proponents of civil defense, notably Herman Kahn in *On Thermonuclear War*, have argued for a major shelter program which would increase the credibility of the American threat to launch general war in retaliation for major Soviet provocations, and many critics have feared that the effort to

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develop a credible first strike posture would make the US more bellicose and increase the likelihood of war. But the current Administration's shelter program is not part of an effort to be in a position to launch a first strike. Nor does the construction of fallout shelters represent a major change in American defense policy, contribute to deterrence, or increase the danger of war.

It is difficult to get enthusiastic about fallout shelters, and it is difficult to understand the causes of any hysterical opposition to them. There are many decisions to be made in the field of defense policy which are much more important than whether or not to build fallout shelters; for example, whether or not to test in the atmosphere, or whether to construct the B-70, and these will have a much greater impact on the future course of international politics and even on the outcome of a thermonuclear war. However, given the size of our defense budget and given the possible significant savings of lives under certain circumstances, the construction of fallout shelters seems to me to be sensible.

This Game of Strategy

by Arthur I. Waskow

Several weeks ago Louis Halle argued in these pages ("Two Muddles That Might Lead to War," January 22, 1962) that the Soviet Union might plunge the world into nuclear war by overestimating the rationality of Western foreign policy. The Russians, he argued, think of international relations as a vast chess game. Just as a chess player yields a piece, or even a game, when he sees that it cannot be saved, the Russians expect us to yield a region, or a right, when we see that we no longer have the power to hold it. The great danger then is that "The American people are not chess players. . . . If too hard-pressed over Berlin, [Mr. Kennedy] would probably find himself compelled to fight, even though it was against all the logic of the game."

Halle may be right to imply that the inability of Western diplomats to play international politics as a rational game gravely endangers us all. But if we turn from diplomacy to military strategy we find that it is in America, not Russia, that gamesmanship has been carried farthest. The new American strategists seem to believe that they can return to the 18th Century, when as Clausewitz explained, "war became a regular game in which time and chance shuffled the cards." It is the Americans, not the Russians, who theorize about the most modern forms of Kriegspiel.

The new American strategists do not all agree on what game the United States is or should be playing, but the two competing models may be called Prevailance and Deterrence. The first is thought to be more like chess, in that it depends on coldly rational prediction and action. The second, Deterrence, involves a large component of bluff, like poker. But it should be noted that even Deterrence is thought to be amenable to mathematical analysis, since the winds of time and chance that Clausewitz thought had shuffled the cards of war can presumably now be predicted over the long run by the use of probability statistics.

The important difference between Prevailance and Deterrence is that the first assumes the likelihood of thermonuclear war, and attempts to show how the United States could "Prevail" in such a war – not "win," since even the Prevailing power would be badly damaged. Deterrence, on the other hand, assumes that no nation could survive (let alone prevail in) a thermonuclear war, and that such wars must therefore be Deterred. While Prevailance players see the game of strategy beginning in "peacetime" and continuing into a carefully controlled thermonuclear war, Deterrence players think the game can go on only so long as no nation tosses a thermonuclear bomb on the table.

The Prevailance game has one crucial rule: that no nation, when thermonuclear war comes, may attack the population centers of another. The only legitimate object of attack is an enemy's military forces (chiefly airfields and missile sites), and for this reason the game is sometimes known as "counterforce strategy." The Prevailance players calculate that in this kind of carefully controlled war about 30 million Americans might die as by-products of the counterforce attack, because of near-miss missiles, cities badly placed near bases, accidentally initiated firestorms, and so on. But the crucial question as to the outcome of the war would be whether we first used up our available bombs and missiles, destroying the enemy's stock, or he first used up

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his. Whichever ran out first would have lost the war, and the other side would have prevailed.

Prevailance strategy is closely connected to the dominant elements of the Air Force and the RAND Corporation. In the missile and bomber commands of the Air Force, there is great expertise in the use and deployment of thermonuclear weapons. Since the Air Force sees its mission as being prepared to use these weapons, it has asked its thinkers-on-contract at RAND to work out the ways in which the weapons would be most effectively deployed to fight an H-bomb war. Much of RAND's effort has therefore gone into working out various versions of wars in which different thermonuclear attacks and counter-attacks are measured against each other. The result has been the kind of exercise exemplified by Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War*, in which possible variations of the war are played out, and certain programs (like civil defense, intended to protect populations at a reasonable distance from forces under attack) are recommended as necessary adjuncts to it. Air Force officers see their pet weapons of the future – the B-70 bomber and the Minuteman missile – as effective weapons for carrying out the strategy of Prevailance. On the other hand, they discount the Navy's Polaris missiles, which are not sufficiently accurate to knock out Soviet missile sites. Likewise they play down the importance of conventional armies, since they believe that thermonuclear or nuclear weapons could be used or threatened on a "limited" scale to resist non-nuclear threats.

Rules of Deterrence

The game of Deterrence operates on different rules and with different weapons. Its players believe that thermonuclear wars destroy too much of any nation's communication network, chains of command and ability to assess its own and the enemy's damage for such wars to remain controllable once begun. Deterrence players therefore argue that both nations will be destroyed and neither can Prevail in thermonuclear war. They argue further that the hope of Prevailing presses both sides toward preemptive attack, since each would hope that knocking out the enemy's forces first would improve his chances of Prevailing. Deterrence enthusiasts urge that each enemy nation play its military cards so as to threaten fearful destruction of the other's population and society, while keeping its own weapons invulnerable and leaving its own people defenseless, in effect as hostages. There will be no incentive to fire first in such a situation, since the enemy's invulnerable thermonuclear forces are sure to retaliate by destroying the aggressor's *country*, not merely his *forces*. Thus thermonuclear war will be Deterred, permitting both sides to play the sub-game of Tactical War.

Successful Deterrence requires an invulnerable second-strike nuclear weapon which could kill enough Russians to forestall any temptation they may feel to attack first. Deterrence also requires an expanded conventional Army, capable of fighting the limited wars which will break out once thermonuclear holocaust has been deterred. In terms of the defense budget, Deterrence means billions of dollars for additional Polaris-carrying submarines, and additional billions for bigger, more mobile, better equipped standing armies. Naturally this makes Deterrence the favored policy of the Army and the Navy, while the Air Force regards Deterrence as a waste of resources better spent on what Herman Kahn calls "a credible first-strike capacity."

Even while they calculate pure versions of games, all three services are forced to deal with the impure existing mix of strategies. Neither the Navy-Army coalition nor the Air Force is politically strong enough to commit the nation to its own strategy, and neither is weak enough for its own favorite game to be eliminated. Thus the United States tries to play Prevailance with its right hand and Deterrence with its left. Since the two games are mutually exclusive – the expectations one demands of the opponent are those the other specifically eliminates – the United States ends up playing no games at all even while it believes in playing two. Under cover of this anomaly, the opposing services struggle to get more of their own weapons bought and more of their own strategies adopted.

During the past year, the Kennedy Administration has, within the limits imposed by the mix of strategies, been leaning toward Deterrence. This leaning has become especially clear in the Administration's emphasis on the Polaris submarine and on conventional forces, although the strategy mix has been preserved by the call for civil defense. It may therefore be useful to examine the game of Deterrence with great care.

When this is done, a serious question emerges as to whether Deterrence is really a game at all. For the "stakes" in Deterrence are the physical survival of whole peoples, the continuity of their societies as going concerns, and their nations' political independence. Will those who "play" for such stakes remain immune to the enormous pressures of hope and fear? In the real world, frightened by unprecedented catastrophe in the offing, will men and nations react in any rationally predictable way? What is likely to happen at the height of an extreme and vital international crisis?

At such a moment, when Deterrence is most needed, it stops working. Deterrence is effective only so long as it commands the attention and respect of the major policy-makers in the opposing nations. But during periods of extreme and growing tension, these decision-makers stop paying attention to the warnings, the threats, the deterrents of their potential enemies. The studies of Robert North at Stanford University suggest that in the war crisis of 1914, for example, the leaders

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of both the Allies and Central Powers turned from concentrating on reports of mobilization elsewhere to concentrating on reports of their own mobilization. In short, they stopped paying attention to the Deterrent acts taken by the enemy. If we are to think of Deterrence as a game, then we must remember that at critical moments each player may act as if the other players had disappeared.

Another difficulty is that a number of very different societies confront each other on the atomic frontier. A Deterrent that would look effective to us if the Russians possessed it need not look effective to them because we possess it. Yet Deterrence depends essentially on the premise of symmetry. Once again, if the game model is to be realistic, it must be based on the assumption that each side is playing a different game, by different rules.

Calculations of Rationality

The trouble with game theory, and here I return to Louis Halle's theme, is essentially that it assumes decision-making processes inside each nation are reasonably simple and that governments competing for high stakes in periods of great crisis would remain rational: the opponent will not respond to a rollback of his ground forces in the sub-game Tactical War with a thermonuclear attack on cities; no domestic political upheaval will lead him to use nuclear weapons regardless of the threatened retaliation with invulnerable weapons. But nowhere in Deterrence is there any provision for enforcing the rules, other than dependence on what is presumably the self-interest of the other parties. In a game, that is sufficient, since the parties are playing more to play than to win. But considering the distrust with which both sides now regard one another, it is extraordinary that they should stake their survival on blind faith that the enemy will always see his self-interest clearly. This confidence may have been reasonable under 18th Century conditions, when a nation was rarely staking its existence on a war. But it seems naïve today.

Today, the very existence of thermonuclear weapons means that all major national decision must be made in an atmosphere of crisis, under the threat of national extinction. Clausewitz himself made the point. Immediately after describing the 18th Century game of war, he explained that the French Revolution ended the game. "The means available – the efforts which might be called forth – had no longer any definite limits; . . . and consequently the danger for the adversary had risen to the extreme." Thermonuclear weaponry is the final, irretrievable step in removing the limits on war; thus the game approach to war is incompatible with the continued possession of thermonuclear weapons.

Where then can the new strategists go? Are modern mathematics and experimental techniques useless for the examination of grand strategy? They are certainly useless if they try to predict political reactions under great pressure from small-group experiments with college students (such as those Thomas Schelling and Harold Guetzkow have directed) or from mathematical projections of rational self-interest. Only by literally killing the "losers" in such experimental games could something like the atmosphere of impending thermonuclear war be achieved.

But mathematics and experimental science, as Anatol Rapoport has shown in *Fights, Games and Debates* and Kenneth Boulding has shown in *Conflict and Defense*, can be used to cut beneath the assumptions of intensely rational action in great crises. Rapoport turns game theory on itself to show the distinction between games and great political or ideological confrontations. Boulding mobilizes a number of sciences and mathematics to explore the collapse of defense and deterrence, the abolition of the game of war.

Associated with these more basic and more sophisticated uses of the new science to examine the historic implications of the new weaponry is a wholly new kind of strategy – the strategy of total disarmament. The disarmament strategy avoids the game analogy by accepting human irrationality and lack of self-control, insisting that these facts of life require the elimination of thermonuclear weapons, and suggesting that elimination of the weapons, by reducing the proportions of crisis, would reduce the amount of governmental irrationality. Total disarmament with inspection practically eliminates the necessity of trusting the enemy.

What these approaches suggest is that there is only one way to "restore" a world in which conflicts can be held within the limits of the game. That is to recognize and face the collapse of the games of war, be they Prevailance, Deterrence or any other that depends on the possession of thermonuclear weaponry.

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Nixon's Uphill Campaign

The Republicans Are His First Problem

by William Steif

Richard M. Nixon is a man on tiptoe, softly treading through what soon will be the nation's most populous state and quietly preaching his doctrine of Republican unity. To GOP audiences from fog-shrouded Eureka to booming San Diego 700 miles to the south, the former Vice President is saying that there is room for differences within the Republican Party and that the party's most vital task is to heal its wounds in order to draw "independent" Democrats to it. To those who remember Nixon as a hellfire-and-damnation crusader against "treason from the Left," his new guise seems ill-fitting. Members of his own party are asking when he is going to start to run.

But in Nixon's inner circle it is agreed that his present tactic is the only one which may save him from political extinction. The result is that Nixon, the epitome of Loyal Republicanism, bears a startling political resemblance to Earl Warren, often called California's Great Nonpartisan Republican in his campaign days.

The explanation of Nixon's sweet reasonableness lies in the dilemma he faces. To win the governorship next November, he must first be nominated in the June GOP primary. Since the withdrawal of ex-Governor Goodwin Knight in January, Nixon's primary opposition has been cut to two men, Los Angeles Assemblyman Joseph C. Shell, young, strong, well-financed, and ex-Lt. Gov. Harold (Butch) Powers, older, fairly weak and lightly financed. No one doubts that Nixon will win the primary. The question is by how much. He evidently is taking a calculated risk that he will be able to attract better than 75 to 80 percent of the primary vote without attacking Shell and Powers, and thus will be in position to use Shell's and Powers' support within the GOP.

It's obvious that in November Nixon will need every vote he can get. The GOP is California's minority party, with just a trifle over 43 percent of a state registration expected to exceed seven million voters. But the registration bulge, four of every seven voters, is only one factor favoring Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. Other factors, of nearly equal importance, are:

– Brown's incumbency.

– a massive statewide "citizens" organization, the California Democratic Council, which increased its membership from a padded 50,000 in the middle of 1961 to a solid 72,000 by January, 1962.

– the Republican lack of a real issue.

– the terrific support the Kennedy Administration is pouring into California in an effort to make sure Nixon stays buried.

Indeed, in the light of what Nixon faces between June and November, the casual observer is moved to wonder why he ever decided to get into the race, and as late as August of last year it seemed he wouldn't. At least this was the impression he left with close California associates and with Knight, Shell and Powers, all three of whom announced their intention to seek the GOP nomination last summer.

Then Nixon went East where the Republican bigwigs told the man who had come within a gallingly narrow 113,000 votes of the Presidency that he must save his home state for the GOP – and that he, alone, could do it. They pointed out that he had beaten John F. Kennedy in California (by a tiny margin) and that if he could take Kennedy, he could take Brown. And polls taken early last fall did give Nixon as much as a 10 percent lead over Brown. So, on September 27 Nixon announced his decision, and within hours the sniping began. The first shot came from Knight, who accused Nixon of trying to "bribe" him with the job of Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court if Knight would drop out of the race.

The Democrats followed up with a predictable barrage: Nixon's avowal to stay out of the 1964 Presidential race was a smokescreen. Nelson Rockefeller didn't help things any when he cast doubt on Nixon's promised abstention from the 1964 Presidential fight.

Throughout the autumn Knight, Shell and Powers busily hacked away at the Nixon image in California, while the Brown Administration systematically put its house in order.

Meantime, Nixon practiced a bit of law in Los Angeles, took off for distant cities to make speeches, worked on his book, *Six Crises*, and occasionally pontificated on foreign policy. For instance, he attacked the Kennedy policy toward Katanga, but as one of Brown's secretaries remarked last week: "I'll give Nixon all the votes, any time – in Katanga."

Knight, felled late in 1961 by hepatitis and an aging disease (he's 65), finally withdrew from the primary.

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Some of his support will leap to the Democrats, for Knight is one of the GOP's few politicians in the state who has made any kind of dent with labor. In fact, Democrats confidently expect Knight will revenge himself on Nixon (for forcing Knight to run and lose the 1958 US Senate race so that William F. Knowland might run for governor) by issuing a formal endorsement of Brown late this summer.

His Primary Opponents

While Nixon has been walking and talking softly, Shell has taken over the far rightwing of the California GOP. A minority leader of the lower house of the State Legislature, Shell has been ineffectual, but he has considerable voter appeal. He's blond, ruggedly handsome, was a fullback at the University of Southern California in the late 30's and, most important of all, he married the daughter of Harold Morton, a Los Angeles oilman closely associated with the Superior Oil Company's boss, William Keck. In a state where the far Right corn of the John Birchers, the Minute Men and Dr. Fred C. Schwarz has found fertile soil, Shell is an attractive candidate. He has flown from meeting to meeting in his private plane, pledging himself to root out the "college pinks" and "alien philosophies" in government and swearing he could cut down the size of the state government, budgeted in fiscal 1963 for $2.9 billion.

Even Nixon's supporters concede Shell has made some inroads on the Republican organization in places like San Diego and Orange Counties. Just how heavy the inroads are was demonstrated early this month when an ultra-conservative Shell backer came within half a dozen votes of being elected president of the 10,000-member Young Republicans at their annual convention – held, appropriately, at Disneyland. Organizing on behalf of Shell was Robert Gaston, son-in-law of one of the state's most potent Republicans, Richfield Oil President Charles Jones.

Powers, a Northern California rancher, has made far less noise than either Knight or Shell, but even he has managed a few digs at his fellow Republicans. Early in February, for instance, he said he didn't think either Nixon of Shell could beat Brown, adding "the Republicans have got to nominate someone who can attract some Democratic votes"– presumably Powers.

By contrast, Nixon has been pitching his campaign strictly against the Brown Administration. He charges that Brown is a "bumbler" and a "second-rate leader"; that the state government needs drastic reorganization so that 100 percent of state expenditures can be reviewed each year by the executive and legislative departments instead of the current 30 percent (much of the state budget has built-in legislative guarantees); that liquor license speculation is rampant and must be ended; that Brown has ignored California's farmers by bracketing them with industry – farming is the biggest industry in the state, in terms of dollar income; that Brown's "fiscal irresponsibility" is endangering the state's business climate – here special emphasis is laid on the state's large bonded indebtedness; and that welfare costs have spiraled upward unconscionably.

"Frankly, I'm not exactly wild about the idea, myself."

These issues have been raised chiefly by Nixon "task forces" in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Here the main personalities are: Maurice Stans, director of the budget under President Eisenhower and now Nixon's Los Angeles County finance chairman; Los Angeles industrialist H. C. McClellan, Assistant Secretary of Commerce under Eisenhower; Robert Finch, Los Angeles lawyer who ran Nixon's campaign in 1960; Caspar Weinberger, lawyer and ex-San Francisco assemblyman; Joseph Martin, Jr., San Francisco lawyer and national committeeman, and Robert Haldeman, a J. Walter Thompson executive who was a Nixon advance man in 1960 and is now on leave from his ad agency job to run the statewide campaign. All of them believe the biggest issue is, as one said, "the philosophy of the GOP must be returned to Sacramento."

But none of this has much political sex appeal. It

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adds up to no more than the charge that the Brown Administration has been "fiscally irresponsible," to which the Democrats counter that, because of a series of Brown-administered balanced budgets, they have been "fiscally responsible." The voters are yawning, which delights Brown's forces.

The Water Deal

Possibly the most significant thing about the issues so far raised is an omission: Nowhere has Nixon or any of his group accused Brown of failing to solve the California water problem, and water is a touchy topic in California. Step by step, in the three-plus years since he took office, Governor Brown has laid the basis for construction of a huge system to carry water from the northern mountains through the San Joaquin Valley and over the Tahachapis to thirsty Los Angeles and San Diego. Among his most important allies have been Los Angeles' GOP-dominated Metropolitan Water District – the same political entity which dried up the Owens Valley 40 years ago to deliver water to Los Angeles – and the Republican Chandlers who own and operate the *Los Angeles Times* (and also the vast Tejon Ranch, which needs water badly).

Without the Metropolitan Water District and the Chandlers, Brown could not have put over any kind of water plan. But with them, he had to make an accommodation: that was to skirt, somehow, the strictures of federal reclamation law.

The 60-year-old reclamation law limits to 160 acres in one ownership the amount of land which can receive irrigation water from a federally-financed reclamation project. The 160-acre limitation, of course, does not apply to a state water project. But Brown's water plan was enmeshed with the Central Valley Project, a network of dams, canals and power facilities built up with $750 million in federal money since the early '30's. The key to the entire Brown scheme was the San Luis Reservoir, a huge pool south of San Jose where federal and state waters would be commingled. San Luis would be built as a joint state-federal project, but would the 160-acre limit apply to all its water?

This is where the Kennedy Administration threw Nixon a curve. Late in December, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall announced, and Attorney General Robert Kennedy confirmed for legalistic purposes, that the 160-acre limit would cover only the federal portion of San Luis' waters. Thus Pat Brown was able to deliver his end of the deal to the big Southern California Republicans, whose enthusiasm for Nixon may have been considerably vitiated by so charming a demonstration of Brown's weight with the Kennedy forces.

Even the state AFL-CIO, which until November, 1960, screamed raucously against the 160-acre limit "sellout," has calmed down, apparently aware that it cannot ditch Brown for Nixon.

The water deal is only one of a number of boons the Sacramento Democrats are getting from their counterparts in Washington. Defense contracts, in a state already awash with such contracts, are dropping all over the place, and one of Nixon's lieutenants complained last week that California "is the battleground for the biggest federal political invasion any state's ever been subjected to." One of Brown's aides put it a bit differently after the governor's visit to Washington in January: "The President was surprisingly well-briefed about California."

With Knight out of the picture, labor seems firmly in Brown's pocket. The minority blocs – Negro, Jewish, Mexican, Catholic, all big and vital in this state – appear firmly committed to Brown, too. The northern sector of the state – San Joaquin Valley, Sacramento Valley, San Francisco Bay Area – with a 60 percent Democratic registration, looks to be a pushover for Brown. The big question marks are Los Angeles County, with more than 40 percent of the total state vote, and San Diego County. Nixon will get a little help, probably, from Sen. Thomas Kuchel, a liberal Republican who figures to run 200,000 to 500,000 votes ahead of the GOP ticket in November, but this will be counter-balanced by State Attorney General Stanley Mosk who ran ahead of Brown in 1958. Further, the Democrats are making hay against the far Right Republicans, while Nixon must preach "unity" and try to straddle the John Birch issue.

Nixon shouldn't have too much trouble raising campaign funds, and this money, despite Democratic rumors that it's being imported from the East, will be Californian. The best estimates are that he will need and spend $400,000 to $500,000 for the primary and up to $1 million for the general election. Brown, having no primary opposition, will spend around $250,000 for the June vote and close to $1 million for November.

One Democrat close to Brown says: "We've had access to four polls taken within the last two months. In each poll Pat has shown gains and Nixon has dropped off." The Democrats are simply delighted with the way the Nixon campaign is developing – or failing to develop. On the other hand, a Nixon strategist says: "All we have to do is get 20 to 25 percent of the Democratic vote. Its a big order, but don't forget – we did it in 1960."

COMING

Romney and the Republicans

by Selig S. Harrison

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New Worlds to Conquer

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

Peter Ritner, whose book *The Death of Africa* last year brought forth a wave of acclaim, has written an extraordinary treatise on the potential of space. *The Society of Space* might well be the first elaborate sketch in a new dimension of thought, a 20th Century effort to rehabilitate the spirit of Francis Bacon's *The New Atlantis*. For, as the author points out, there has been little serious analysis of the changes wrought by the latest phase of the Technological Revolution. H. G. Wells, in his more fantastical moments, played with some of these implications. Science fiction writers have titillated the imagination with fanciful versions of modern technology. But both they and Wells, were untrained in the actual discipline of science.

The Society of Space
by Peter Ritner
(Macmillan; $3.75)

Peter Ritner, however, was educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard and the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He has a thorough understanding of the scientific method. For him, the past flows into the present and the future grows out of the past in a rhythm whose internal movement has been accelerated by our new tools. The guides of the past are useful but not binding; and the technological explosion makes it imperative to link time to the new dimension of space.

Space is the spatial or intellectual capacity to tap new ideas and link them with viable old ideas. Space is the potential of man's thinking capacity, as yet only meagerly explored; for the intellect "is like a kind of troglodyte living in the cellars of a great mansion, creeping around in the dark and damp, afraid to mount the stairs into the sun-swept rooms above." Space is also the extra-terrestial environment, the abyss of emptiness which lies before man to be explored. The realm of society, the realm of mind and the realm of the outer universe: all these are The Society of Space, and the three realms must move together under the impact of the Technological Revolution lest we be destroyed.

The major problem of man today, Ritner believes, is the endless dynamism of change. Our modern technocracy eats away at ideas and institutions as well as tools and weapons. In the same way that the propeller-driven airplane was made obsolete by the jet engine, which itself is obsolescent while still on the drawing board, the ideas not only of Edmund Burke but Karl Marx are rendered antique by new technology. Ritner points out that the present-day New Jersey militia could destroy with little effort the battalions of Napoleon and, we might add, even the ideology-ridden Khrushchev has been forced to modify "Marxist-Leninist" thought by his knowledge of modern nuclear weapons. Change is the one constant of the 20th Century, and the understanding of this fact has produced a marked pessimism in the Western world because it historically marks the end of its political and cultural supremacy. But Peter Ritner dissents with vigor. Possibly due to his sojourn in Africa, where he saw a new life and a new enthusiasm sprouting from the decayed roots of tribalism, the author feels we may be at the edge of the rejuvenation of idealism. The West has the tools to make from change a new grand adventure, the exploration of space, a limitless horizon of new worlds to conquer, the fountain of a new world of ideas that must flow from this exploration.

It is not our decline, Peter Ritner keeps stating, it is our dawn, the sunrise for the West and the whole human species if we would but rise to the *optimism* implied by eternal change and the commandments of the Technological Revolution. We are only imprisoned by the myopia of our vision, because we do not will new worlds to conquer, and greater and far more thrilling worlds than Columbus ever dreamed of. We should return to the spirit of the Renaissance, to the striking freedom of mind of men such as Francis Bacon and Leonardo da Vinci, to the energy and courage of Elizabethan England, and then all our parochial fears will be revealed for the insubstantial vapors they are.

The permeation of this idealism into the weave of modern society, in the thought of the author, will transform many of the problems we now consider overwhelming. The *monotony* of jobs in industrial life, the plain boring sameness of day to day, must be affected by this new vision. The average sailor in the time of Pericles, the freeholder in the England of Elizabeth, the tradesman in the Florence of Lorenzo the Magnificent, each was uplifted by the grand adventure in which he felt himself involved. But what greater adventure can there be for man than the exploration of the solar universe and then the stellar universe, trips in silver rockets to far-scattered bases where Pizarros of the lunar landscape will venture with courage? Then, and perhaps only then, how silly will seem the question of *Algérie Libre* or *Algérie Française*, or the discourses of Mao and Khrushchev over the "true" nature of Marxist thought.

"Compared to past times," Ritner states, "youth in industrial society is isolated . . . it is as if he were a tadpole at the bottom of a murky pool, with layer upon layer of weary veterans separating him from the sun." To react against this deadness, youth flares up in its own struggle for survival, fighting with the only tools it has, violence, beatnikism, obsessive sexuality, tools which are not merely anti-

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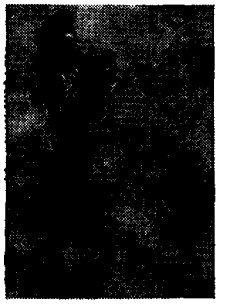

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social but devoid of any real meaning. Love settles for even less; its aim is coziness, comfort, and its heaven the prosperous suburb, where all sensation and all ideas are reduced to "togetherness" in front of the television screen. Art, separated from the culture of industrial life, is a wierd and peripheral excretion with no relation to that mass society which, pretending to be "cultivated," smothers it.

But it is not, Ritner insists, the destiny of man to live in a cretinous suburb where grandmothers, parents and children wear the same kind of clothes, go to the same kind of dances and games, drink the same and smoke the same, listen to the same radio programs and voice the same opinions. In almost mystical terms, he sees earth more likely serving "as the central headquarters, the new Jerusalem, of an empire of outposts and victualing stations stretching one hundred light-years or more out into Space"; earth "a message center, an assembly point, a conference table; the home of the principal libraries, universities, and memory banks; the largest broadcasting stations; the Galactopolis that glistens in the daydreams of every ambitious youngster throughout the Empire."

In a last chapter, entitled *The Ultimate Future*, Ritner breaks through the realms of the possible and enters into more fantastical speculations. What happens, he asks, when some far distant day the universes will be occupied and man will have pushed to the furthest possibility of his organic potential? When the stars will have no more mysteries, when the exploration is at end and man is sated?

If the aim of man is freedom, the author concludes, it can well be possible that in some very distant future the definition of ultimate freedom may involve release from the thralldom of body, that cocoon of the spirit. Some day, Ritner suggests, man may devise a method to liberate the mind from body, release the mental field from the soma, and so achieve divorcement from the process of decay. And in a rather hallucinatory section, the author presses still further, presupposing the possibility that this mind energy will climax the argosy of man by defeating time, surmounting the clutches of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, or in the final words of the book:

> "But in a few years the woodlands mammal, grown clearer sighted, aggrandizes the environment and enhances his perceptions by shedding the Body and taking flight as an immortal Mind. Time still pursues him, but the conclusion is immensely forestalled. Nevertheless, in the end, a final battle must be fought. The society of Minds must march out against the environment itself, which it has vanquished in so many previous encounters with fire and flood, distances and diseases – the Minds must march out against Time. And the Minds conquer Time by transgressing the laws of the Universe – thereby dissolving themselves and it. Beyond now stands God himself."

In this ironical conclusion, the rationalist becomes mystic, Francis Bacon ends up William Blake. But this is only one of the many brilliant and coruscant ideas lighting up the book. Ritner is breaking new ground in exploration of the potentialities of the future.

Epistles to the Philistines

by Saul Maloff

In its makeup, this is a harvest of occasional writings for the little magazines, where, to a large extent, Paul Goodman conducts his ministry. Usually, his essays are epistles of the philistines, written in the heat of feeling in response to some public controversy, expressing with a sense of urgency some publicly relevant idea, directed toward the correction of some folly or wickedness. Roughly, they fall into these categories: psychology and sociology, urbanism and technology, education, literature and literary criticism, esthetics, and ethics; but within each of them, in Goodman's hands, almost anything goes, as his mind bounds and plays, constantly uncovering unsuspected possibilities.

Utopian Essays and Practical Proposals
by Paul Goodman
(Random House; $5)

From the look of the book it would all seem most unpromising – an editor's bright idea, a publisher's attempt to make capital of the considerable interest aroused (especially in college communities) by Goodman's earlier *Growing Up Absurd* and *Communitas*. The measure of Goodman's inventiveness and élan is that such a book should be an almost unfalteringly interesting one. And in fact the witty and ironic title is not a dodge for concealing the randomness of a collection: it is an accurate description of the contents and intention, for, in the face of proliferating moral and political dilemmas before which there is a public feeling of futility and despair, Goodman insists that "better things . . . *can* be done by better means." "I have a spiteful motive in writing such a book in the present climate of our society," he writes. "It is to establish that if you do not do better, it is not because there are no alternatives, but because you do not choose to. . . . Our problems are not technological and sociological; they are moral and political."

Whatever the problem, Goodman is intent upon the same question: What tends to block, restrict, limit human freedom, joy, creativity? What tends to release, free, liberate? Always, for his purpose of criticizing society and life to the end of improving it, he is animated by a steady vision of a good – that is, rational, *human* – society, a coherent community, a style, and quality, of life that is fully human, and humanizes. That is the sense in which he is utopian.

Yet his utopianism has nothing to do with dreaminess: it is wonderfully hard-headed, pragmatic, inventive, problem-solving, ingenious; he is a persistent participant in the life around him. That is the sense in which he is practical. Indeed it is with "spite," with an almost malicious joy that he poses problems in which we are hopelessly entangled, going from bad to worse, managing cruelly or stupidly or both – and offers alternatives which are often beautiful in their simplicity

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and reasonableness. Once you predicate your thinking about driving and parking, for example, not on still larger vastnesses of lots, not on lots deep in the bowels of the earth or at dizzying heights in the sky, but quite simply on banning most private cars from the city entirely, it is astonishing what fresh air is let in. Or when Goodman turns his mind to writer's block, we may not be confident that what is unblocked will be any good; but some astute and surprising literary criticism results. In Goodman, the blocked writer gets not only a psychotherapist, but a first-rate critic as well – a critic who, as an artist himself, knows precisely the nature and process of the problem. Or when, in the brilliant essay on the banning of Wilhelm Reich's books by the Food and Drug Administration, Goodman concludes by writing, "It is not a good time for Administrators to put obstacles in the way of freedom of the spirit. Get them out of the way," we are not interested in *how* we are to "get them out of the way." Why *not* simply get them out of the way?

The center of Goodman's thinking is always the human person and the community he might live in; not reckless production and synthetic demands created by advertising, but efficient planned production and consumption based on a technology *selected* to achieve this end. He is marvelously persuasive that we can, that the alternatives are at our disposal. Instead, we call alternatives "utopian," in the mocking pejorative sense; and appoint commissions to search for "national goals," as if "goals were not implicit in concrete activity," as if ends had nothing to do with means. What we are really objecting to, often, when we say that ideas are utopian though they seem feasible and even useful is that "they propose a different style, a different procedure, a different kind of motivation from the way people at present do business." Structure, folkways, style, procedure, motivation are precisely what Goodman would change by a politics of direct action, direct intervention, for these go straight to the heart of the matter; and he reveals, in the sudden and sharp angles of his vision, a style of thinking about our dilemmas which we would be fools to ignore, or ignore by merely praising.

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MOVIES

An Artist for an Age

Michelangelo Antonioni's new film *The Night* is so perfectly congruent with our concerns, so piercingly honest, that it is close to a personal experience. Such an acutely subjective reaction is not always the purpose of art, but it is his purpose and he achieved it.

The story is spare. In Milan live

The Night (Lopert)

Giovanni and Lidia, a novelist and his wife, childless, in their thirties, married some years, affectionate with each other but no longer in love. The film covers about 18 hours in their lives: a visit to a dying friend in a hospital; a publication-day party for Giovanni's new book (which he fears may be his last); a long lonely walk by Lidia through the city; their visit to a night club where they see an erotic balancing act; an all-night party at a millionaire's villa where each of them meets someone who – temporarily, at least – attracts him. At dawn they cross the huge lawn together, the tired dance-band still playing. Behind some trees they sit. She reads to him a tender love-letter, addressed to her. He asks her who wrote it. "You did," she replies. Stung with anguish for his lost self and love, he seizes her. At first she denies him, saying she doesn't love him any more. He persists and she gradually acquiesces. The film ends with the couple making love on the grass. Whether they will be able to *re*-make their love is undecided.

The film has no plot. It is a series of events given their dynamics by the depth of character of the two people passing through them: a man and a woman, once in love, who still live with and like each other but who have floated apart out of finger-tip's reach. Seen through their eyes, vibrated through their nervous systems, the incidents in the film – sometimes unremarkable in themselves – take on the proportions of a pilgrimage. This is because their relationship is not sexual *ennui* or a stage in marital intrigue; it is the result of their being perceptive people in a world inimical to confidence, therefore inimical to lasting love. With no sense of strain whatever, this pair step forward as protagonists of the age's love tragedy: the lack of a whole, oriented self to give in love.

I must make it clear that this is not just one more European film about "the moral collapse of our time" – the label that every lurid French or Italian film carries to justify its luridness. *The Night* is certainly concerned with the theme of Yeats' *Second Coming;* the best *do* lack all conviction, while the worst *are* full of passionate intensity. (See the millionaire host.) The film exists in an ambience that is post-Hitler, post-Stalin, post-Bomb, in a society caught between the far-reaching but iron-lined avenues of Marxism and, on the other hand, a creeping corpulence fed extensively by military preparations to deter that Marxism.

But Antonioni is no glib, self-scratching Jeremiah. He is not merely past outmoded hope, he is past despair. He looks at this new environment as his home and, having decided not to die, lives. His characters are in their habitat and know it; they face the task of imagining a viable future. As for their marriage, we see them discovering the geography of the island on which they have been cast, recognizing that other lovers are at best excursions that will only take them to other islands, that in the fact of mutual compassion there is justification for compassion, that they can stay together because they are somewhat consecrated by knowledge of each other's weaknesses and by the time they have passed together. The film finishes without rosiness but with the cleanliness of scouring candor, a sense that the worst is known.

"I know what to write," says Giovanni, "but I don't know how to write it." Like every artist in history, he sees more than he is capable of expressing, but, unlike them, he has no relevant framework within which to strive. He no longer knows how to speak or the point in speaking. "A writer is an anachronism," he says, "doing something that can't be done yet by machines." The horrible moment for him comes when his industrialist-host offers to take him out of his anachronism with a job as corporation historian and publicity director; an offer made with all the lubricity of the materialist ego that knows how to re-enforce itself with the quasi-idealistic. The horror of the offer is that Giovanni realizes its aptness. The job would at least fill a gap in him, even though he knows it would be one long, plump suicide. But the real purification by this horror comes near the end when he tells Lidia of the offer and she says, "Why not?" When she who knows him and has admired him can say that, it is rock-bottom for him. Her bland acceptance is the shock that may re-awaken him and connect him with a revised world.

As for Lidia, the death of their friend Tommaso is the end of her last link with selfless love. Tommaso, who was

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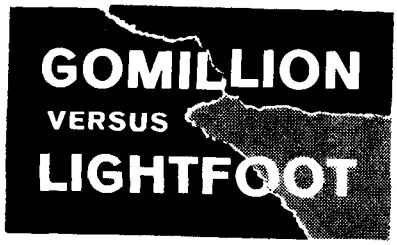

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never physically her lover, worshipped her, and almost convinced her (she says) that she was intelligent. Giovanni spoke to her only of himself "and I loved it"; but now all that is left of Giovanni for her is an ego that doubts itself. The loss of Tommaso's love – the only one without ego – is like losing parents a second time. She is reconciled to loneliness, even to her husband's quest for illusions of refreshment in other women, both because she is no longer jealous and because she wishes him well. But at the end, if she is not convinced that he is again capable of his former love, she at least knows that he realizes this and is ashamed of it, instead of accepting it; and in that shame is a possible seed.

Marcello Mastroianni, as Giovanni, brings to full flower the wide range of talents he has always shown. It is a performance of utter comprehension and delicacy that *begins* by being true and then goes on to harrow us. Jeanne Moreau, who plays Lidia, has seemed to me until now a film actress in the least complimentary sense, a woman whose performances were for the most part albums of varyingly interesting photographs. Under Antonioni's hand, what was semblance has become vitalized. "The director," he says, "must know how to demand," and he has certainly demanded well of her. She moves through this film like a sad suite of airs. Her face, elegiac and passionate, seems to brood over this film, even when she is absent.

Monica Vitti, brunette in this film, has a less complex role as the millionaire's daughter, but gives it waywardness without coyness and sex with sensibility. Bernhard Wicki (the director of *The Bridge*) endows his brief appearance as Tommaso with the clarity of the dying and the pride of a man who has faced his limitations – all this so sharply that the later news of his death makes us feel a loss.

As for Antonioni himself: I have now seen *The Night* three times and I speak carefully when I say that I think he is making a new art-form. In this film, even more strikingly than in his *L'Avventura*, he is forging a new language apposite to a changed world. For a society theistically based and teleologically organized, the concepts of drama that derived substantially from Aristotle have sufficed for centuries. The film was born to that inheritance and, out of it, still produces fine works (although with a perceptibly increasing tinge of nostalgia). Antonioni has seen the dwindling force of this inheritance and is finding means to supplement it. He is achieving what many contemporary artists in his and other fields are seeking and not often with his success: renewal of his art rather than repetition.

Jackson Pollock, Hans Hofmann, and their kin are exponents of dissatisfaction rather than re-creation. The anti-novelists, in their frustration with the limits of the conventional novel, ask readers to share their professional problems rather than to be affected as readers. Brecht jostled the traditional drama healthily, but his theater is didactic, aimed towards a different godhead – a temporal one that now seems sterile to many. The so-called Theater of the Absurd faces reality rigorously and poetically, but a theater of images and no characters is limited to disembodied effects – and each author seems to have one reiterated effect. Who needs to see another play by Beckett or Ionesco or Pinter? In films, too, the avant-garde – Cocteau and many others – have tried to find new methods; but they, too, have so concentrated on the attempt that they have neglected to communicate much content. A more conventional artist, Ingmar Bergman feels present spiritual hungers as keenly as anyone, but his films so far, for all their superb qualities, exemplify Mulligan's line to Dedalus: "You have the cursed jesuit strain in you, only it's injected the wrong way."

Antonioni, however, seems to be making the miracle: finding a way to speak to us about ourselves today without crankily throwing away all that went before and without being bound by it. He is re-shaping the idea of the content of film drama, discarding ancient and less ancient concepts, re-directing traditional audience expectations towards immersion in character rather than conflict of character. He is re-shaping time itself in his films, taking it out of its customary synoptic form, wringing intensity out of its distention, daring to ask us to "live through" experiences with less distillation, deriving his drama from the very texture of such experiences and their juxtaposition, rather than from formal clash and climax and resolution. Fundamentally, he gives us characters whose drama consists in facing life minute after minute rather than in moving through organized plots with articulated obstacles; who have no well-marked cosmos to use as a tennis-player uses a court; who live and die without the implication of a divine eye that sees their virtues (whether men do or not) and cherishes them.

John Grierson once said that when a director dies, he becomes a photographer; but Antonioni gets emotional utility – in a film about *people* – out of surfaces and compositions. He uses photography for enrichment, not for

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DOUBLEDAY

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salon gasps: for example, the scene where Lidia goes for a ride in the rain with a man and the downpour seems to put the car in danger of dissolution.

The sequence that best represents Antonioni's style is the one in which Lidia slips away from the publisher's party and wanders through the streets. Conditioned as we are, we *expect* something; we think she is off to meet a lover, or to kill herself, or to get involved in an accident. But nothing happens; and everything happens. She strolls past a bus conductor eating a sandwich and is fascinated by his existence and his appetite in the same universe with her; she passes two men laughing uproariously at a joke and she smiles, too, although she has not heard it, anxious to join them, to be one of the human race; she encounters a crying child and kneels briefly and unsuccessfully to comfort it; she tears a flake of rust off a corroding wall; she sees two young men punching each other ferociously, watches horrified, then screams for them to stop. (The victor thinks she must be attracted to him and starts to pursue her, and so Antonioni touches another old tribal nerve.) Then in the suburbs she watches some boys shooting off rockets. She finds she is in a neighborhood where she and Giovanni used to come years before. She telephones him and he drives out to pick her up.

By drama-school definition, it is not a cumulative dramatic sequence. It is a miniature recapitulation, deftly done, of the possibilities of life: a child and an old woman, a man eating and a man punching, sunlight on a fountain and a greasy lewd stall-keeper. Antonioni holds it all together with something like the surface tension of liquids and, by not commenting, comments. It is essentially as drastic a revolution as abstract expressionist painting or Beckett's litany-like dialogue, but Antonioni has not estranged us in order to speak to us about loneliness; he has not sacrificed the link of recognition to make new images; he has not had to use absurdity to convey the absurd.

Of every directorial technique he is an easy master. I specify only two. His use of sound: the low-pitched conversation in the hospital is interrupted by the passage of a helicopter like a pause in music so that the hushed key will not become tedious. His symbolism (which is unobtrusive): the mushroom cloud of smoke that envelops the boy who fires the rocket, and the fact that Giovanni meets Lidia after her walk in front of a long-abandoned church.

For me, Antonioni has made in *The Night* and in *L'Avventura* the most subtly truthful theatrical works about the relation of the sexes since Joyce's *Exiles*. But he has done more. In *The Night* he has used a vitiated marriage as a metaphor of the crisis of faith in our age, the faith within which profoundest love and pettiest whim have always been contained. He has used his camera as a hound of non-heaven ranging through the streets of Milan to find the beauty in necessity, the assurance in knowing that one can live without assurances. This film leaves us less deceived; thus with the truth in us less encumbered. STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Shaker Village teen-age summer project provides boys and girls with a new kind of experience in work activity, community relations and leisure interests. The co-ed project offers a significant experience that helps teen-agers strive toward new values and perspectives in work, cultural and recreational activities, as well as current social issues.

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ART

Political Art and Political Science

Pendleton Herring, who was a political scientist at Harvard during the years when that meant only scholarship, and who is now president of the Social Science Research Council, recently donated his collection of political prints to the Washington headquarters of the American Association of Political Science. I dropped in to see how this fusion of art, politics and learning affected the fusing parties. I didn't find out; the Association's association of the three things is much too young to have produced any answers. But I did observe that the rich and modest offices of the group were considerably enlivened by the pictures on the walls and I suspect the same thing is true generally of art's contribution to the scholarship of politics.

Presumably Professor Herring, in acquiring his prints of politics, was not setting out to make a definitive collection, but like most of us in getting together some pictures, was interested in picking up what came his way and took his fancy and fit in reasonably well with the rest of his life. Thus, from the point of view of a complete review of the field, there are great gaps in the Association's new collection. Perhaps they will be filled by contributions from other members. Prominently missing are Herblock, Osborn and Mauldin; even within the present 19th Century frame of the collection, Nast is unrepresented; so is Daumier.

Historically, the collection begins with Hogarth, not only prints of the *Election* series but with an all but unknown

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Daniel M. Friedenberg *is a businessman and man of letters.* Saul Maloff *is on the staff of a New York publishing company.*

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single subject, a picture of a politician closely studying a document while his candle burns a hole in the brim of his hat. Not top Hogarth, but amusing. Things get sharper in the *Election* engravings. *Canvassing for Votes* is practically a round dance of democratic corruption. The candidate orates meaninglessly at the hustings, while his managers buy all the votes in sight. The garland of hands and coins achieves its supreme elaboration in a central trio that oddly reminds you of the La Tour *Fortune-Teller* purchased by the Metropolitan a couple of years ago. The banquet scene has the same visual irony of a collection of isolated individuals artificially made into a collective by circumstance. The drunkenness of most of the participants underscores their isolation.

Hogarth was essentially drawing from life. His are not allegories or metaphors of any kind, but purportedly eyewitness accounts, basically what you might see yourself if you looked sharp. The American prints, mostly from the 19th Century *Puck*, are, on the contrary, visualizations of what you might think yourself of the political scene, but not see. The artists dealt in visual metaphors: *The Party Collar*, from a Prohibitionist broadside, shows the legislator led off to the saloon wearing a horse-collar bestowed on him by the profiteers of the Demon Rum. Or again, in a beautifully savage drawing by one F. Opper, *It Costs Money to Fix Things*, the political corruptor stands on the floor dealing out the greenbacks to the legislators, who slaver at the sight of the payola.

In this field Daumier is so towering a figure that he makes his presence felt even by his absence. He is particularly present by contrast with the work of one of the artists most profusely represented, his contemporary, Henri Monnier. Politics for Daumier, as for Balzac, was merely one sphere of human activity, one field of observation, among the many moved about in by his cast of thousands. Daumier's creation, Robert Macaire, was capable of using politics, but he was not really political; he was certainly not a political constant – such as the art of Hogarth, the Americans and Monnier strongly imply is true of their creatures. The same objection, or qualification, applies to Daumier's other great political figure, Ratapoil. Although, whenever we see him, Ratapoil is always engaged in political activity, he, too, strikes us as "above" politics, in somewhat the way that a depth-charge fisherman is above the art of the angler. Both Macaire and Ratapoil break the bounds of satiric comment on contemporary politics and get into the more general questions of good and evil, and man and society.

Monnier, on the other hand, directs our attention to the mechanics of political activity, inevitably arriving at the contrast between political ideals and the human, all too human, weaknesses of the people engaged in realizing the ideals. He is smooth, civilized, sometimes almost bland in his presentations, and certainly never outraged. He takes us through the day in a government office where the employes manage to waste just about all of every hour, not because they goof off but because their work is so totally intertwined with political considerations. His figures are smoothly outlined, the men always just on the point of turning into the smaller and friendlier of the human-animals of children's woodland tales, chipmonks, squirrels, rabbits, muskrats: their bellies and their teeth protrude, their skulls flatten, the arms and legs shrink into their bodies; their world, in short, is less than fully human.

English, American or French, the contribution of political art to political science's understanding seems clear enough. Art, as represented in Professor Herring's pictures, adds the moral dimension to the scientist's concern with technique. Nor is this dimension solely a matter of the artist's assuming that the political world is composed of crooks and time-servers; the most valuable single print in the Herring collection is surely a French engraving of Bingham's frontier scene, *Stump Speaking*, done in 1856. Part of the values resides in the fact that while most of the muted colors were hand-applied, the blues came off the copper, leading to an extraordinary softness. Beyond the technique, though, the speaker is probably Stephen Douglas, the Little Giant; his seated opponent, serious, lanky, taking notes, is a white-suited beardless Lincoln. The whole scene – even without the later blessings of history – is a fine statement of the democratic ideal. FRANK GETLEIN

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Correspondence

Hammering at the Farmers

Sirs:

You keep hammering at the farmers. Why don't you come up with some inkling of an alternative if you don't like what is being done?

Secretary Freeman is gradually disposing of surpluses by cutting back on production. This reduced production creates an outlet for surpluses through the markets. The only ones hurt are the farmers who refuse to cut back their acres. If Secretary Freeman is permitted to continue his programs he will soon get rid of all farm surpluses not needed for reserves. When this is done normal markets will absorb normal production and there will be no costs for storage except for national needs.

You admit that the farmer receives only two-fifths of the consumers' dollar. Yet you bemoan the effect on consumers from paying the farmer a profit enabling him to function. Why don't you weep for the consumer's costs arising from the other three-fifths of the food dollar? There are many cases of profiteering on farm products. Corn, for an example, as cornflakes costs the consumer $19 a bushel of which the farmer receives a bit more than $1.

The important question is how to help the family-size farms without subsidizing the giants in agriculture. This is where you should apply your talents instead of wasting them in blanket condemnation of everything the Administration is trying to do with the complex farm puzzle confronting it.

Frank Larson
Carlock, Illinois

In reply:

Our intent is not to hammer at the farmers, but to hammer away at the fact that agriculture (like the newspaper business) needs fewer and fewer workers every year. 40 percent of the farmers grow almost 90 percent of the nation's crops of food and fiber, including the surpluses. The farm problem is basically an aggravated adjustment problem.

Can any system of price supports effectively help the majority of farm people, who cannot hope to earn a living in agriculture without assistance, to transfer to other occupations? The record speaks for itself: higher support prices for farm products help commercial farmers more because they produce more; and at the same time such prices enable small, undercapitalized farmers with inadequate land, machinery and skills to hang on, although their outlook is hopeless.

There is no question that most farmers like the present type of support. They like to feel independent, though assisted. But can the nation accept the principle that every man has a right to farm, and farm successfully? It would be better for the farmer and the country, it seems to us, were most of the money spent on price-supports earmarked *for farmer adjustment only.*

THE EDITORS

The Unhealthy Aged

Sirs:

In his excellent article on "The Unhealthy Aged" (February 5) Mr. Jencks says "eight million people have no insurance. . . ." He no doubt refers to the number over age 65 without medical-hospital insurance. For in the USA there appears to be about 50 million persons of all ages so situated.

His statement that "Insurance companies are in business to help the stockholders, not the aged . . ." is true only of stock companies. It, of course, is not true of mutual companies, although it should not be inferred that these are charitable institutions.

The major point is the inference in two places that "adequate" medical and (or) hospital expense insurance is generally available to the aged, at a price. In the first place many oldsters are not "insurable" for reasons of health. Secondly, many others have impairments which call for exclusion riders. Finally, the remaining oldsters who are completely insurable have a choice only of policies with maximum limits as to dollars payable or as to time covered. In all cases, to the best of my knowledge, these insurance company limits are far below what many of these oldsters will subsequently find "adequate" to pay their doctor, hospital and medical bills.

James E. Amick, CLU
Blue Springs, Md.

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by John Cohen, professor of psychology

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by John K. Adams, newspaper editor

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by Louis B. Sohn, Harvard Law School

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by Theodore Roszak, history faculty, Stanford U.

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by Barbara Deming, journalist

PEACE WALKS ARE GOOD FOR YOU *(April 29)*
by Wade Thompson, English Dept., Long Island U.

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